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AFTERMATH.

BY M. E. P.

My love and I thro' blooming fields do stray
In spring-time fair, when life seems full and sweet;
Forget-me-nots our lingering steps do stay,
And silver brooklets murmur at our feet.

The rose-crowned summer comes, and thro' the land
That glows beneath her smile, as queen doth reign,
My love and I still wander hand in hand,
With downcast eyes, and hearts of longing pain.

The dreamy hills in crimson glory rise,
The golden sunbeams fall across our path,
The tender tears flow from our weary eyes:
She raises hers, low whispering, "Aftermath."

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

IF there had been any malice in the glance which Floris had met across the dinner-table, her manner atoned for it now, if it did not entirely wipe out all remembrance of it.

Under the influence of the rare smile and the soft, dulcet voice, Floris found herself lulled into a belief that the beautiful creature could not possibly be guilty of anything approaching deceit, and she was in that state of mind when the door opened and the gentlemen entered.

She saw Lord Norman look round and discover her, and then come across the room with the directness of, and the speed of an arrow from a bow.

"Well?" he said. "You two talking scandal?"

"We have been having a charming chat," said Lady Blanche, "so nice and absorbing that we had quite forgotten you."

"All right," he said, "then I'll go away again."

"No, you need not do that," she said; "you can sit down and talk to Floris. I am going to play!" and with slow, graceful ease she glided to the piano and commenced playing.

"Had you forgotten me?" he asked. "I don't wonder! When Blanche is in the mood she can draw the soul out of a door-stop——"

"Do you mean to compare me to a door-stop?" asked Floris, with a smile.

He laughed.

"It is awfully warm!" he said. "Let us go into the conservatory; we can hear Blanche's waltz just as well there. What a crowd it is! People come and go here as if it were open house for all the world!"

He drew her arm through his, and they made their way into the large glass-house, which ran the whole length of one end of the room.

There, leaning against a marble statue of Venus, he stood and looked down at her, talking to her in that softened voice which is the best medium for Love's confidences; and Floris, with half-closed eyes, sat and listened, forgetful of the world outside, even of the little world so near them.

She was in realms of love, that paradise which one is allowed to enter once only in a lifetime, and to which all other lands, real or fabled, are but "desert regions lacking joy!"

Suddenly while she was sitting there, she heard a strange sound behind her, the sound as of someone trying to open a window.

For a moment or two she paid no attention to it, and it was Lord Norman who remarked it.

"There is an awful draught all of a sudden," he said. "Someone has opened a window!"

And he turned and walked some steps behind her.

Floris heard him speak, and looking round saw, to her amazement, the thin figure of Josine standing close up against the glass wall.

She was very pale, and her black eyes shone with a half frightened, half-defiant, glare for a moment, then drooped, as she made a respectful curtsey.

"What are you doing here?" asked Lord Norman quietly.

"Pardon, milord!" said Josine, glibly; "I have lost my way."

Josine was a good actress, but in her endeavor to appear calm and self-possessed she over-acted her part, and looked too calm for a servant who had been discovered in so unsuitable a place.

For the first time since she had known him Floris saw her lover's eyes grow dark and incredulous.

"Lost your way!" he said, in his grave, clear voice. "Whure were you going, then?"

The question was so sudden that for a moment Josine was nonplussed. She had expected Lord Norman would point to an open door in silence.

"To miladi's room, milord!" she replied.

Lord Norman looked at her keenly.

"To the upper corridor? What are you doing here then?" he demanded.

Josine had gathered her wits by this time and raised her eyes with a deprecatory glance.

"Pardon, milord! I had a letter for her ladyship, and hoped to get an opportunity of delivering it, but not seeing her ladyship, I wished to return to the servants' hall."

"You said your mistress's room, just now!" he remarked.

"Or her ladyship's rooms, milord," assented Josine, smoothly, "but I must have turned the wrong way! But, indeed, milord the mansion is so vast"—with a shrug—"that it is pardonable!"

He was silent a moment, and Floris wondered how the maid stood there so calm under the grave displeasure of Lord Norman's dark eyes.

"Give me the letter!" he said, almost sternly. "I will take it to your mistress myself!"

"Oh, milord is too gracious! I will not so trouble milord," said Josine, dropping a curtsey of such profound humility that she almost seemed to crouch.

"Give me the letter!" he repeated, and he held out his hand.

Floris leaning back over her chair so that she could see Josine, saw a deep red flush rise to the dark face, and caught a gleam of light like fire flashing from under the lids, as the girl thrust her hand into her pocket.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with a French oath; "but it is gone! Milord, a thousand pardons! I have dropped it!"

Lord Norman looked at her sternly in silence.

"Yes!" she exclaimed, under her breath, her eyes roving over the floor. "It is certain that I have dropped it!"

"You had better go and find it!" he said, pointing to the open door behind her. "Go through that door and you will find yourself in one of the passages to the hall; there are servants there who will direct you, as you know, and might have remembered! Do not, please, enter this part of the house unless you are requested to do so!"

"Yes, milord, certainly!" she murmured and with a drooping head and gait, eloquent of the deepest contrition and humility, she passed out.

"Poor Josine!" said Floris, half smiling. "Why were you so stern with her, Bruce?"

He had been looking after her thoughtfully, but came back and sat on the arm of Floris's chair.

"I'm not sure that Josine is deserving of your pity, darling," he said.

"No?"

"No," he said. "I don't think Mademoiselle Josine's explanation of her presence was quite the truthful one!"

"But why should she tell a story?" asked Floris.

"I don't know," he answered. "I am not very fond of that young person, Floris; there's something in those dark eyes of hers that incline me to the belief that Mademoiselle Josine is rather artful. She was hiding and spying just now."

Floris looked at him with astonishment.

"Oh, Bruce, why should she?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Goodness only knows," he replied; "but I am convinced that she was. Why did she not give me the letter for Betty, if she had one. As to her losing it, the girl is far too clever to lose a letter!"

Floris was silent for a moment. She was thinking of what Lady Betty had said about Lady Blanche; it almost seemed as if she, Floris, were surrounded by persons given to deceit and treachery!

They waited a little while longer, then Floris got up.

"They will be wondering where we have gone," she said.

He sighed, and got off the arm of the chair reluctantly.

"It seems to me that we are always thinking of what someone will wonder, or what somebody else will think! I shall be glad when you are all my own, my darling!"

Floris colored hotly, and put up her finger.

"When is it to be, Floris?" he whispered putting his arm round her.

"Oh, not for months, years!" she said, chidingly.

"I can't wait many weeks!" he murmured, putting her hand to his lips. "There isn't a day but that I count it as one of the long list of those which have divided us!"

"Let us go in now," she said, falteringly; and she drew away from him to the drawing-room.

As she did so she saw something white lying on the ground at her feet, and pointed to it with her fan.

"What is that, Bruce?" she asked.

He stooped down and picked it up.

"It's a letter," he said, carrying it to the light; "and addressed to——"

"Lady Betty!" she broke in. "Bruce, admit that you have done poor Josine an injustice."

He held the note up with the direction towards him.

"Admit that in your mind you have done me an injustice, if you please!" he retorted, smiling. "This letter is addressed to the Lady Blanche Seymour!"

"To Lady Blanche!" echoed Floris. "What a strange coincidence that Josine should lose a letter for Lady Betty, and that you should find one on the spot addressed to Lady Blanche!"

"Isn't it?" he assented; then he looked at the address thoughtfully. "Strange!" he said. "The handwriting seems familiar to me, and yet I cannot remember whose it is." Floris went and looked over his arm at the envelope.

"Why, it has not come through the post, Bruce," she said, then she laughed. "How dreadfully curious we are! It is awfully bad manners to examine another person's letter so minutely. Pray take it to her at once."

He put the letter in his pocket, still thoughtful.

"No, I can't remember; and yet the writing is as familiar to me as my own. Floris," suddenly, "do you think it was this note that girl had got?"

"No; she said distinctly that it was for Lady Betty."

He shook his head.

"I mistrust that girl. Let us take it in to Blanche."

A great German maestro was playing on the grand piano, a buzz of conversation filled the room, and at the farther end, surrounded by several men, they saw Lady Blanche.

She was sitting in a deep, high-backed chair, leaning indolently back, her fan moving to and fro listlessly, and her eyes fixed on vacancy.

She might have been listening to the music, or to the man who was talking to her, or lost in her own thoughts; to Floris's mind she made a splendid picture of beauty conscious of its power, and Floris stopped Lord Norman by pressing his arm.

"How beautiful she is, Bruce!" she whispered.

"Eh? Oh! Blanche?—yes!"

"Very beautiful, I mean!" she said, with emphasis. "I think her the loveliest woman I have ever seen—No, no! you must not indulge in such silly flattery!" for he had whispered a word or two of a beauty that was sweeter to him than Lady Blanche's. "See how they hang upon her for a word or smile. If she were a queen she could not be more courted. If I were a man I should not be able to resist her."

He laughed softly.

He was so happy, so free from care, so entirely wrapped up in his passionate devotion to the beautiful girl on his arm, that he could afford to laugh at his fancy for Lady Blanche as a midsummer madness past and gone.

"Let us give her her note," he said.

They went up to the little group, and Lady Blanche raised her eyes and smiled up at them, a half sleepy smile such as Cleopatra might have dealt in as she lay on board her yacht surrounded by her slaves.

"I've something for you, Blanche," said Lord Norman.

"Yes?" opening her eyes wide and holding out her hand.

The little crowd looked on for a moment, then man by man cleared away, and the three were left together.

"What is it? I am continually dropping my bracelets and things. Give it to me, Bruce."

"It is not a bracelet, Blanche," he said, and he held out the letter.

She shook it, glanced at it, shook her head.

"Who is it from? How did you come by it?"

Bruce pressed Floris's hand to prevent her speaking, and she stood silently looking down, while Lady Blanche held the letter daintily between her finger and thumb.

"How can I tell? Open it and see."

"May I?" with a glance at Floris.

"Yes, we are all curiosity," he said smiling.

She raised her eyebrows.

"Will you promise to pay it for me if it should be a bill? Will you——" she stopped suddenly, and the blood rose to her pale face, dying it a deep crimson, then left it paler than before.

Floris was astonished. Lord Bruce looked grave.

"Is it bad news, Blanche?" he asked.

She looked up at him steadily.

"Bad news! No! Why should you think that?" she asked, laughing softly.

"It is a bill, and so exorbitant a one that it made me feel quite angry. I wish you had promised to pay it!" and she let the paper fall into her lap, but so carefully carelessly' that the blank side fell upwards.

At that moment, with a final crash, the great maestro's performance came to an end; a murmur ofa pplause broke out;there was a general movement—people always move about at the end of a piece of music or song, as if tney had been listening patiently, instead of talking loudly as they invariably do—and someone spoke to Lord Norman, and drew his attention away from Lady Blanche.

When he looked round, a minute or two later, she had gone, and she did not appear again that evening.

In the privacy of her own room, having locked the door, she took out the paper and read it again, and as she did so her lips grew pale and hard, and her brows knitted with the look of care and anxiety which Lady Betty had noticed.

"Will you meet me in the plantation by the bridge to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock?" ran the note.

There was no signature, but though Lord Norman had forgotten the handwriting, Lady Blanche had not. It was Oscar Raymond's!

With an inarticulate cry she drew herself to her full height, crushing the paper in her hand, almost as if the writer were before her, and she could crush him with her scorn, and contempt, and defiance.

"He writes—he orders me—as if I were his slave!" she muttered fiercely, between her teeth. "Oh, fool! fool! that I was, ever to have listened to him! And yet—and yet—if it can be done! Oh, how I hate her! If it can be done! If he can tear them asunder, I do not mind this humiliation, this disgrace! Her happiness mocks and maddens me! And it is for Bruce's sake, not for mine alone! He would tire of her in a month, while I—I know that I could keep his love for my life! Oh, love! love! to what depths am I dragged for your dear sake!"

The "plantation" was not a recent addition to the estate, for the firs had been planted three generations back, and were grown high and large enough to form a little wood,that served as a cover for the game and made a pretty point in view from the house.

Lady Blanche knew the spot well, and knew too why Oscar Raymond had chosen it.

From that point of the plantation which he had chosen indicated the whole of the road could be seen, and no one could come upon them unawares—at any rate, from the house.

Sir Joseph had formed a riding party for that morning, and Lady Blanche had promised to join it, but she sent down a message by her maid that she had a headache, and did not appear in the breakfast-room, in which breakfast was kept going from nine till noon, and which presented the appearance of a London restaurant from the number of people who dropped in at all times between those hours, and the continued moving to and fro of the servants.

At ten o'clock the riding party started, and Lady Blanche, having made enquiries, learned that Lord Norman had gone with it, but that Miss Carlisle had remained in the house with Lady Betty.

To know that they were separated for a few hours, brought a strange unreasoning feeling of relief, and almost accepting the fact as an omen of success, she dressed, and telling her maid that she was going to walk her headache off, made her way to the plantation.

She reached the bridge as the clock struck eleven, waited there for some minutes,then slowly strolled into the dense shade of the pines.

She had brought a book as an excuse for loitering, and with it open in her hand she sat down on a fallen tree and waited.

There was no sign of Oscar Raymond, and she had seen no one since she started, excepting an old laborer in a rough frieze coat, whom she had found busily engaged picking up sticks at the fringe of the plantation, and with a sigh of relief, as the clock chimed the half-hour, she rose and closed her book intending to go home, when the old man in the frieze coat hobbled towards her, passed her a few steps, paused to gather some sticks and cones, and then hobbled back again and stood beside her looking up at her, with his hat in his hand and his reddish-gray locks streaming down his neck.

Lady Blanche had taken out her purse, when the old man put his hat on again and laughed.

At the sound of the laugh—the low, soft, mocking laugh—Lady Blanche started and turned crimson.

"Is it you?" she said.

"Yes," said Raymond, "and if your ladyship does not recognize me, I need not fear detection by any others here," and he peered up at her from his half-closed eyes with a furtive smile.

"Why are you here? Was it necessary?" she asked, coldly.

"Quite," he said, "or depend upon it I should not have taken the journey. Things are working well for us, my lady! There could be no better scene for our little comedy than this. You will understand that when I unfold my plot!"

"Your plot? Then you are ready——"

"To strike!" he said, quietly, and with the smile of conscious power which had never failed to impress Lady Blanche. "But we had better come into the middle of the wood, my lady," and he hobbled in front of her.

Lady Blanche followed him until they had got well out of sight of the road, then he stopped, and, courteously motioning her to a bank, drew himself up to his full height and leant against a tree.

"We need to be cautious, my lady," he said. "Last night my messenger was discovered by Lord Norman. He was suspicious—and no wonder. Your French women are bad tools; they are always so curious on their own account. That is Josine's only fault."

"It was Josine, then, who brought me this note?" she said, coldly.

"It was Josine who should have brought it, but she dropped it, and it was brought you by Lord Norman," he answered. "A dangerous episode, my lady! Her stupidity might have ruined us, and that would have been provoking, just as our plans are complete."

"Complete!" she repeated, turning very pale.

"Yes," he said, with a smile, and with a look of confidence that shone through the painted wrinkles on his face, "Yes, my little comedy is now ready for the stage,my little plot is prepared, and given a fair opportunity—which we must make—and average luck, I shall have my revenge, and you—well, you will have had your amusement!"

"Tell me!" she said, impatiently.

"With pleasure!" he answered. "Lady Blanche, before the week is out, Lord Norman and the young lady who stands between you—pardon! the young lady he loves—will be parted, and I shall come to you to claim my reward!"

CHAPTER XI.

LADY BLANCHE drew a long breath and looked at Raymond.

The dark, piercing eyes met hers with a faint smile of confidence, a forecast of triumph in them that contrasted very strongly with the disguises of age and poverty.

"Your ladyship would like to know how I am going to bring this much-to-be-desired result about? I will tell you! Will you not sit down? We are quite out of sight from the road."

Lady Blanche sank on to a fallen tree, and Oscar Raymond—with the broken sticks he had gathered at his feet, ready to his hand if he should find it necessary to resume his assumed character—leant against a tree beside her.

"This is my little plot, Lady Blanche," he said. "Pardon me if, during the recital, I exhibit any signs of pride. They say that the serpent in the garden of Eden was rather conceited with the little plot of the apple, whereby he caught Eve; and a little self-glorification must be permitted me."

Lady Blanche made a gesture of impatience, and lowering his voice—bending down as he approached the most critical parts of the recital—he unfolded his scheme for the destruction of Lord Norman's and Floris's happiness.

Lady Blanche listened, and her face grew paler and paler.

A faint shudder ran through her as he proceeded, and when he had finished,when the insidious voice had whispered its last word, and he closed with a low, sardonic laugh of satisfaction, she drew a little away from him shuddering palpably.

"Ingenious! is it not, my lady?" he said, with a sinister smile.

"It is diabolical," fell from her pale lips.

"Oh, you flatter me!" he retorted.

"Diabolical?" she repeated.

But she did not get up and leave him; she sat, her fingers entwined together, her brows knit, pondering in silence for a moment or two, while he watched her.

"It—if it should fail," she said, in a hushed whisper, "it will cover me with shame! I shall never be able to hold up my head again—I should die!" clenching her hands.

"Oh, it will not fail,"he said, confidently; "it is too good a plot to fail. It is just a little comedy that requires nice, careful, artistic acting; and I think I can manage my part. As to your ladyship, I have no misgivings respecting you; it is just the part you can play, if I mistake not to perfection."

Lady Blanche's face grew crimson for a moment—crimson with shame—then the color died away, leaving her pale as marble.

"There is Josine," she said, after a moment's thought; "can you rely on her? Persons of her class are not always to be trusted. You have bought her, no doubt, but she may betray us for gold as readily as she has consented to betray—them."

He laughed.

"No doubt. But I hold Josine in a stronger chain than that of gold, my lady—I hold her by fear. Josine, in a weak moment, was foolish enough to steal some letters of her mistress, and I have them. If I am not mistaken, she had appropriated other things besides letters—such unconsidered things as rings and a bracelet. I have seen her wear them, which was a blunder on her part. A word from me, and she would lose her place and her character. Besides, Josine is French—she enjoys an affair of intrigue, it is meat and drink to her; and she hates, she detests Miss Carlisle. Oh, you may rely on Josine, my lady!"

"At the mercy of a servant!" murmured Lady Blanche, with suppressed bitterness.

He laughed.

"We are all at the mercy of someone or the other, my lady. Lord Norman, for instance, is at the mercy of you and me;while I—oh, I am at the mercy of my tailor, my landlady—the world at large. Is your ladyship afraid?" he broke off, with a sarcastic smile. "If so, admit it, and let us have done with the matter. After all, it will not affect me, this marriage of Miss Carlisle and Lord Norman, so much as it will affect you——"

She put up her hand to silence him.

"I am not afraid!" she said, with calm hauteur. "I am merely anxious to guard against failure, failure which would mean ruin to me, ruin and shame unspeakable," and her lips quivered.

"Pardon me," he said suavely; "it is my part to take all the precautions against failure, and I have done, and will do so. Leave it to me, Lady Blanche! Rest assured that I am too fond of my little plot to permit it to miss fire! If you will carry out the instructions I have given you, you will find that we shall succeed beyond our expectations."

Lady Blanche rose, and drew her veil over her face, and he stooped and picked up his sticks.

"You will send Josine to me, my lady?" he asked. "Send her to the plantation to gather some wild flowers for your hair to-night. I will wait here for her. And, if I might make a suggestion?"

Lady Blanche inclined her head.

"If I were your ladyship I would give her some trifle in the way of ornament. Josine's heart is set on baubles,and a bracelet or a pair of earrings would bind her to you in a bond closer than love itself," and he smiled.

Lady Blanche nodded, and turned to leave the wood, but paused to look back over her shoulder and say—

"Do not send me any more notes. Give Josine any message you may have for me, please."

He nodded approvingly, and without a word of adieu she glided from the plantation.

As she neared the house she saw Lady Pendleton and several others standing on terrace.

Lady Betty bent over the stone coping to nod a greeting.

"Why, where have you been, Blanche?" she asked.

All eyes were turned on her, and for a moment her face flushed; it seemed to her as if the dullest of them must read her secret in her face.

"To the plantation," she said: "and I am almost inclined to go back. There were such lovely flowers there, and it never occurred to me until I had left them behind how nice some of them would look in one's hair to-night!"

Two or three of the young men who were loitering about instantly pushed forward.

"We'll go and gather you a bunch, Lady Blanche!" said one, and the rest eagerly echoed the offer.

She smiled.

"Thanks; but you would not know which to pick, or you would pick them with too short a stem. No, but if Lady Pendleton will allow her maid to go——"

"Of course I will!" said Lady Betty. "Josine will be glad of the excuse to get out. Will one of you be so kind as to ask one of the army of footmen to go on a voyage of discovery for her? I'd go to my room and ring for her if it were not such a terrible way!"

One or two of the men laughingly went to find Josine, and in a minute or two that young lady stood before her mistress, with her dark face set demurely.

"Oh, go into the woods and get some wild flowers, Josine!" said Lady Pendleton.

"You will find them in the plantation by the hedge," said Lady Blanche languidly, and without raising her eyes.

Josine shot a curious glance from one to the other.

"We want them for our hair," explained Lady Betty.

"Certainly, miladi," said Josine, with a respectful bend of the head, and a second sharp glance at Lady Blanche as she went off.

Lady Blanche sat on the terrace with the rest, joining in the conversation, and even laughing, a rare thing for her, at the feeble sallies of wit provided by the young gentlemen in attendance; and Lady Betty, to whom Lady Blanche was a perpetual enigma, was wondering what had put her in such a good humor, when the figure of Josine was seen in the distance returning to the house.

"Isn't that Josine?" asked Lady Betty. "She hasn't been gone long!"

Lady Blanche smiled, she knew at once that Josine had found the flowers already picked for her.

"I don't expect she cared very much for a lonely wood," she said, and as she spoke she rose and walked slowly and languidly away, as if she had either forgotten the flowers, or ceased to care for them.

With a fast-beating heart she went to her room, and sitting down before the glass, scanned her face anxiously.

When Josine came, there must be no chink in the mask through which the girl might catch a glimpse of the troubled soul within!

Presently she heard a knock at the door, and in response to her languid "Come in, please!" Josine entered.

With downcast eyes she approached, and held out a bunch of flowers, without a word.

"Put them on the table, please," said Lady Blanche.

Josine obeyed, and stood with folded hands and lowered lids.

"Will they suit your ladyship?" she asked.

Lady Blanche took them up and looked at them carelessly.

"Yes, thanks!" she replied, and raised her eyes to Josine's face, as she did so, Josine raised her eyes, and the two looked at each other in silence for a moment; but Josine's glance was eloquent, and Lady Blanche read and understood all that it meant.

"You have taken a great deal of trouble, Josine,"she said, languidly, her voice calm and cold.

"Not at all, my lady," she answered. "I am very pleased to be of any service to your ladyship."

"Thank you!" said Lady Blanche, reaching for her jewel case as she spoke, and taking out a pearl and ruby ring. "Will you take this ring, please? I have no doubt it will fit you. You have," glancing at her hands, "slight fingers."

Josine colored with flattered vanity, and her eyes flashed on the ring greedily.

"Oh, your ladyship is too good," she murmured.

"Oh, no!" said Lady Blanche, with a little quiver. "It is a mere trifle, Josine. By the way,"—carelessly—"it would be as well, perhaps, if you did not wear it while you are here! The other servants might be jealous; you understand!"

Josine's black eyes twinkled very intelligently.

"I understand, my lady! No, I will not wear it! I am very grateful! Your ladyship may always rely on me, in everything!" she added, significantly.

"I am sure of that, Josine," said Lady Blanche.

Josine hesitated a moment, as she put the ring in her pocket, then turned to leave the room.

"I hope the flowers will prove suitable, miladi," she said, in a low voice. "I did not gather them myself, an old man picked them for me."

Lady Blanche flushed for an instant and seemed about to speak, then inclined her head, and with a reverential sweep of the body, Josine took herself off.

Lady Blanche remained in her room nearly all that day; she was "learning her part," a part difficult to play, for the words were of necessity unwritten and would depend upon circumstances; but as the dressing-bell rang she rose from the sofa, on which she had thrown herself for a few minutes' rest,and sleep if possible,prepared to play that part, though its failure, as she had told Oscar Raymond, would mean shame and disgrace to her.

With the sound of the dressing-bell the great place began to echo to the voices of the gentlemen who had been out since luncheon after grouse.

Floris, who was in the pretty little boudoir which she shared with Lady Betty, heard Lord Norman stop outside, and opened to his knock.

He leaned against the door, his gun in his hand, looking supremely handsome in his business-like shooting rig, and particularly happy and satisfied.

"Well, my darling!" he murmured, putting his arm round her and drawing her to him, "what have you been doing with yourself? We have had splendid sport—wonderful bag for so short a time and so few guns!"

"Is this one loaded, pray?" asked Floris. "I don't know that I care to have it quite so near, Bruce. How heavy it is! Aren't you tired?" with that little upward glance of wonder and admiration which a woman bestows on the man she loves.

He laughed.

"Not a bit. By-the-way, don't forget that we are going to have a dance this evening; so put on your finery, and prepare for conquest!"

"I wish you'd go, and let Floris get dressed, Bruce!" called out Lady Betty from the inner room.

"All right," he said, laughingly. "I'm fearfully hungry! Oh, I did't tell you how nearly we had an accident this afternoon!"

"An accident!" echoed Floris, turning pale—on his account—and glancing at the gun.

He smiled.

"Yes, and all my fault! I was a little ahead of the others near the plantation, when some birds rose right in front of me. I raised my gun, and without thinking of the possibility of there being anyone in the wood, fired. The next instant an old man, with long grey hair, came out from the very spot I had fired at!"

"Oh, Bruce!"

"Don't be alarmed, I hadn't hit him; at least, so I conclude, for the old fellow went off pretty smartly, and disappeared without saying a word; but he shook his fist as he went, which you may consider equivalent to a whole dictionary. He was a curious-looking old fellow, dressed in a rough coat. I suppose he was one of the pensioners on the estate, and was gathering firewood, for he had a bundle in his hand. I asked Sir Joseph if he knew him, but he didn't seem to. I must get him to make enquiries."

"So that you may give him a sovereign to cure his fright!" said Floris, archly.

"Exactly!" he said, and taking her face in his hand he kisses her,and went off humming—

"The Bride's Welcome."

Floris closed the door and returned to her room.

As she did so she heard Lady Betty's voice raised complainingly, and glancing in at the dressing-room saw Josine standing with the hair brush in her hand a little distance from the table, her face pale and troubled, while Lady Betty was holding her head as if she had been suffering untold agonies.

"What is the matter?" asked Floris, gently.

"That is what I should like to know!" answered Lady Betty. "Here has Josine been tearing my hair out by handfuls for the last quarter of an hour! I don't know what has come to her! She used to be so careful; and now—I declare she seems half

idiotic! She doesn't hear one half the words I speak to her!"

Floris glanced at the dark face, and met an appealing, pathetic look from the black eyes.

"Perhaps Josine is not well," she said, gently.

"Why doesn't she say so, then?" retorted Lady Betty. "I know it shan't be if she tears my hair out as she does! If she isn't well why doesn't she go and lie down? But she says she is quite well; that there is nothing the matter with her! I have asked her a dozen times in the course of to-day!"

Josine glanced at Floris, lowered her eyes and heaved a deep sigh.

"There!" exclaimed Lady Betty "that is how she goes on! If she were not far too wise, and too old,"—the latter with a little vixenish flash at Josine—"I should say she was in love."

"Oh, miladi!" murmured the girl, but looking at Floris all the time.

"Well, then, if you are not ill and are not in love, what is the matter with you?" demanded Lady Betty, not unreasonably.

"I am truly sorry, miladi,——"

"Sorry! So I, and sore, too!" snapped Lady Betty, plaintively. "There try again and for goodness sake pay some attention to your work, or I shan't have any hair left!"

Floris stood for a moment looking at the girl.

She seemed to have something on her mind, to judge by her pale face and the anxious look in her eyes.

"Perhaps she is afraid that Lord Norman will tell Lady Betty about the letter, and her having made her way into the conservatory," she thought so, as she turned to leave the room, she said, to reassure her—

"Oh, Josine, Lord Norman found the letter and gave it to Lady Seymour. Is that what you are uneasy about?"

Josine crimsoned, then her face went pale again.

"Thank you, miss," she said.

"What letter was that?" demanded Lady Betty.

"A letter one of the servants asked me to give to Lady Seymour, miladi," said Josine glibly.

"Hem!" snapped Lady Betty. "Yes, that is the sort of work you are best fitted for. I should apply for the next postman's situation that may be vacant."

Floris wanted to ask if that was the letter Josine had lost, or if there was another for Lady Betty, but thought that she would reserve the enquiry for a more fitting time, and went to her room and began to dress herself.

As there was to be a dance that evening, she selected one of her prettiest dresses, and before she had got it on, Josine came softly in to help her.

Floris had accepted her assistance once or twice lately, and though she had never quite liked or believed in the girl, had, from pure good nature, grown to tolerate her.

But this evening Josine's manner attracted her attention very much and puzzled her.

Every now and then the girl drew a long breath and sighed; and once or twice Floris happening to glance up at the glass, caught the black eyes fixed upon her with an expression that was almost one of absolute pity.

"Josine," she said at last, "I am sure that you are ill. Why do you not tell your mistress, and ask her to let you go to bed? I will tell her if you do not like to. Go and lie down this evening and rest."

"Thank you, miss; thank you," Josine murmured. "You are always good and kind——"

"Oh, nonsense," said Floris, with a little smile.

"—Ah yes, miss, but it is always that you are good and kind to me, while I—I ——"

She stopped and turned away, taking up a neat dress and carrying it to the wardrobe.

"While you, what?" asked Floris.

"No matter, miss. It is not I who should speak," said Josine, shutting her lips tightly. "No, it is not I; a servant has no business with a heart! Ah, no, she must use her hands and her eyes, but her heart!—ah it is not fitting that she have one."

"I don't understand you in the least, Josine," said Floris, half puzzled and half amused. "If you are in any trouble, why not confide in Lady Pendleton? I am sure she will help you."

"I! No, it is not I; and miladi cannot help. No one can help!" said Josine, almost tragically, but with an air of quiet dignity that impressed Floris, though she tried to think lightly of the matter, putting the whole thing down in French sentiment.

"Well, I am sorry if you are in trouble, Josine," she said, "either, on your own account or on anyone else's; but you must not take yourself ill."

"Thank you, miss!" responded Josine, gratefully, and she knelt down and arranged the folds of Floris's dress with a careful, one would almost have said, loving attention.

Floris took up her fan and went downstairs with Lady Betty, and Josine stole on tiptoe to the door, and watched them as they passed below her.

"Soh! I am too old to be in love, miladi, am I?" she muttered, between her white teeth. "Perhaps, oh, yes, perhaps! But I am not too old to spoil the love-making of your sweet Miss Floris! I am wise enough for that! Wait, miladi! Wait, and you shall see!"

Then she stole back to the room, and taking the ring Lady Blanche had given her, held it to the candlelight.

"Oh, you beauty!" she murmured, rapturously. "You beauty! And there are more coming to keep you company? More and more! And money, too! Bah! what fools these grand ladies are! And all for love! I wonder now," she murmured, musingly, "whether Miss Floris got an inkling of my meaning? These English are so dull! A Frenchwoman would have known in a moment that I had something to tell her. But she! Oh, no! It was, 'Josine, you must be ill!' I shall have to speak plainly after all. Bah! It is as our friend in the wig says, 'a pretty little comedy!'"

CHAPTER VII.

ALL unconscious of the plot that was thickening, happily ignorant of the subtle net which was weaving to ensnare her, Floris went down to dinner as happy and light-hearted as a girl who has no trouble and a handsome sweetheart can be.

By some chance she fell to the arm of an elderly Scotch lord this evening, while Lady Blanche was consigned to Lord Norman.

Floris felt a little pang of disappointment for she had, perhaps unreasonably, expected to have him by her side every night at dinner.

But the disappointment passed in a few minutes, for the old lord, delighted at having the prettiest woman in Ballyfloe at his side, made himself very agreeable, and kept Floris very much amused.

But for all her amusement she found time to glance at the other two now and then, and when she did so, she noticed that Lady Blanche seemed more animated than usual and that Lord Norman appeared amused and entertained also.

Every now and then Floris saw Lady Blanche's velvety eyes raised to his with that expression in them which one woman is so quick to detect in the eyes of another.

In a word, if she had not been so sure of Bruce's absolute love and devotion, she certainly would have felt slightly jealous!

But feeling so sure of possessing his whole heart, she could look on without a pang.

"It is fortunate it is Bruce who has to receive the battery of those beautiful eyes!" she thought; "if it had been another man—one of the numerous young men always round her—he would be slain to-night for certain!"

The thought amused her and made her smile.

She little guessed that she was looking on the first act of the comedy which was to develop into a tragedy for her, and that Lady Blanche's soft, passionate glances were intended for her eyes as much as Lord Norman's.

After dinner Lady Blanche sang, and she was singing still when Lord Norman with the other gentleman came into the room.

He was making straight for Floris's chair when Lady Blanche turning her head, called him.

"Oh, Bruce, I wish you would find me 'The Parthenia Waltz,'" she said, pleadingly.

Of course he complied, and hunted over the pile of music until he had unearthed it, then he could do no less than remain and turn over the leaves.

While he was standing beside the piano, she, still playing, looked up at him and, in a murmur that chimed in with the music, said—

"Bruce, will you do me a favor?"

"Twenty, if you like, Blanche!" he assented, carelessly. "What is it?"

"I want you to dance a couple of waltzes with me to-night," she said.

"Is that all?" he remarked, with a smile. "The favor is on my side."

"No, it isn't! I know that you will want to dance all you can with Floris; but spare me those two, Bruce. Just for old times' sake!"

He looked grave. It was the first time she had referred to the past.

She hurried on—

"I will tell you why I ask you. One of the young fellows has been pestering me for a dance, and I have told him that the only two I mean dancing I have promised to you. Do you understand?"

"All right!" he said, easily.

"It will not be the first time you have helped me out of a difficulty, Bruce!" she murmured, softly.

"Nor will it be the last, I daresay," he said, smilingly, determined not to encourage any sentiment.

She finished the waltz, and as she did so the band struck up in the adjoining room.

Quite naturally she slipped her arm through his, and Lord Norman, who had intended taking in Floris, looking round saw her on the arm of Sir Joseph.

There was nothing for it but to take Lady Blanche for the first dance; but when it was over he left her rather unceremoniously, and made his way towards Floris.

She was surrounded by half-a-dozen young men who were eagerly striving for a line on her ball-card, and it was some time before he could get near her.

At last he found himself by her side, and held out his hand for her programme.

"I have saved you two," she said, with a smile; "though you do not deserve them, sir."

"Which two?" he asked. "Confound it!"

"What is the matter?" she said. "Don't scowl at the innocent card like that, Bruce."

"Why, I have promised these two to Blanche," he said.

Floris was guilty of a sudden flush, not of jealousy, but of disappointment.

"Never mind," she said, gently.

"Oh, but she will let me off!" he responded, eagerly. "I must dance these two with you. I'll go and explain to her," and he was hurrying off, when Floris caught his arm.

"Stop, Bruce! Don't do that! Please don't! What will Lady Blanche think of such cavalier treatment? I don't care so much about dancing with you. Why,"—with an arch smile that made him long to take her in his arms,—"I shall have all my life, presently, in which to dance with you."

"All right," he said, but reluctantly; and the next moment her partner came and claimed her.

By chance, or was it by design, Lady Blanche kept him near her all that evening.

It is easy for a lady to retain a gentleman: a word, a question when he is about to leave her; a request that he will fetch her fan, or take her into the cool air; a thousand excuses present themselves; and, much to his inward amazement, Lord Norman found himself "in attendance,"—as the French say—on Lady Blanche instead of on his sweetheart, Floris Carlisle.

The ball was kept up until the early hours of the next morning.

The Prince was enjoying himself, and showed no signs whatever of growing tired.

He had danced with nearly every lady in the room who was known to him, and twice with Floris, and it was not until three o'clock that the last galop was played.

And all the long evening Lord Norman had only exchanged the few words recorded with Floris.

His devotion to Lady Blanche, as the busy-bodies were styling it, was noticed by everyone, and certainly therefore did not escape the keen eyes of Lady Betty.

"Blanche means mischief," she muttered once, as she saw the beautiful face turned up to Lord Norman's with its well-known smile of witchery, and then glance at Floris pale and listless, waiting for her lover, who, without meaning or wishing it, was giving all the world the impression that he had deserted her. "Mischief! But in what way?"

Lady Betty was still more puzzled next day when Lady Blanche, continuing her tactics, managed to keep Lord Norman by by her side almost exclusively.

It was done with such art, with such unconscious innocence and grace, that he could neither resist nor resent it, and though he begrudged every moment he spent with her he could not without actual rudeness tear himself away.

But Floris, though she missed him sorely did not feel injured or complain; and when Lady Betty made some remark, she defended Lady Blanche and championed Lord Norman quite heroically.

"I don't see why a girl should think that she has a right to monopolize a man because he happens to be engaged to her," she said, with a little flush—her face had looked rather pale and joyless all the day—"there will be plenty of monopoly on both sides after they are married."

"Ah, no doubt," said Lady Betty, dryly. "But Blanche seems to think that she can monopolize a man because she is not engaged to him. I don't think she has allowed Bruce to get away from her apron-strings for more than half-an-hour to-day—that is during the time he has been at home; and if that isn't monopoly I don't know what is."

"Perhaps he thinks it is very pleasant monopoly," said Floris, with a smile.

Lady Betty looked round at her very sharply.

"Now, my dear, don't you say that, or I shall think Blanche is winning all along the line. Don't you see what her little game is?"

"Not in the slightest, even supposing that she has a little game," said Floris, with a laugh.

"Well, I will tell you, my dear," replied Lady Betty, with an air of acute intelligence; "Blanche is trying to make you jealous."

"Is she? What a fearful waste of time," said Floris.

"I am glad to hear that you think so," said Lady Betty. "But that is what she is trying to do. She wants to stir up a quarrel between you and Bruce, and considers that this is the easiest way to do it."

"My dear," laughed Floris.

But Lady Betty's suspicions were not to be laughed away.

"Oh, yes, I know. Of course, you think I am romancing; but wait. I know Blanche, my dear, and you do not, and know quite well she means mischief. Whether she will succeed in doing it depends upon yourself."

"Then she certainly will not," said Floris, with a smile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT the world would very often mistake for conceit is a self-consciousness, a recognition of the inward power, which is in truth very different from it. In our common acceptation of the word, a conceited man is an empty fellow who bases his opinion of himself upon no true grounds. Very often great but untried men will take upon themselves the achievement of that which the world deems an impossibility. But if the man has that within him which will carry him through, he is to be commended. It is the ignorant fellow and puffed-up fool who is to be blamed.

Bric-a-Brac.

A CROWN OF THORNS.—Godfrey de Bouillon, the first king of Jerusalem, it was who refused an earthly crown because the Saviour wore a crown of thorns.

THE YEAR.—Take a slip of paper and place thereon, in figures, your age in years, dropping months, weeks and days. Multiply the sum by two; then add to the result obtained the figures 3768; add two, and then divide by two. Subtract from the result obtained the result obtained your number of years on earth; and see if you do not obtain figures you will not be likely to forget.

THE FIRST POTTERY.—An interesting story is given as to the discovery of pottery. A savage carried some water in a calabash—the hard shell of a tropical fruit—when it occurred to him to smear the outside with clay and put the calabash itself over the fire. This he did, the water boiled, and upon removing the calabash he found it encased and protected by a hard red stone-like substance.

CARDAMONS.—These are the aromatic capsules of various species of plant related to the Ginger plant, all of which are splendid plants, remarkable for the beauty and richness of their flowers. Cardamons come chiefly from Malabar, Madagascar, and Sumatra; they are warm aromatics, and are much used in the East to flavor rice and other insipid food; in England they are also used in medicine.

FOR THE FEET.—Among the first things that strike the traveler in Japan are the wooden sandals worn by these 30,000,000 of people. They have a separate compartment for the great toe, and make a clacking noise on the street. Straw slippers are always worn, and a traveler setting out on a journey will strap a supply of them on his back, that he may put on a new pair when the old ones are worn out. They cost but three farthings a pair, and leaving the foot free to the air, we never see those deformities of the foot in Japan which are so frequent in this country. They are never worn in the house, being left outside the door. Passing down a street, you see long rows of them at the doors, old and new, large and small. It is surprising to see how readily the Japs step out of them, and pick them up again with their feet, without stopping when leaving the house.

SAVING THE COUNTRY.—In 1748, when the Austrians were in the possession of Genoa, the republic was in want of money, and to raise a supply, were about to levy some taxes. M. Grillo, a citizen of wealth and consequence, on the morning when the edict was to be passed, strewed the lobby of the council-room with pieces of rope. On being asked his meaning, he replied, "that the people having exhausted all their resources, it was but fair to furnish them with the means of leaving a world which could no longer be worth living in." "But," replied the senators, "we want money; the urgencies of the State demand it, and where else is it to be had?" "I'll tell you," said Grillo; and quitting the palace, he shortly after returned, followed by porters loaded with 2500,000 in gold and silver. "Let every one of you," he cried, "follow my example, and the money you want will be found." The tax on the poor working people was no more mentioned, the nobility were thus shamed into making a voluntary contribution, and Genoa was saved.

NOAH'S ARK AND THE GREAT EASTERN.—There seems to be a wide difference of opinion concerning the cost of the steamship Great Eastern, and her size compared with Noah's Ark. The cost of building and launching the Great Eastern was $3,000,000, and this broke the original company. A new company was formed which spent $000,000 in fitting and furnishing her. Then this company failed and a new company was organized with a capital of $500,000. Her total cost was, $4,703,575. Nothing ever built can stand comparison with the Great Eastern excepting Noah's Ark, and even this vessel could not match her. The length of the Ark was 300 cubits, her breadth fifty cubits and her height thirty cubits. The cubit of the Scriptures, according to Bishop Wilkins, was twenty-one and sixty-five one-hundredths inches, and computed into English measurement the Ark was 548 feet long, 91 feet beam, 54 7-10 feet depth and 21,762 tons. The Great Eastern is 680 feet long 83 feet beam, 56 feet depth and 28,093 tons measurement. So Noah's Ark is quite overshadowed by the Great Eastern.

SNEEZING.—The custom of blessing persons when they sneeze is derived from very ancient times, and its origin has been variously traced. Several writers affirm that the practice commenced under Pope Gregory the Great, when a pestilence occurred, in which those sneezed died; whence the Pontiff appointed a form of prayer, and a wish to be expressed to persons sneezing, for averting this fatality, as it was deemed, from them. But the custom is of much more ancient date. It was accounted very ancient even in the time of Aristotle, who, in his "Problems," has endeavored to account for it. It is alluded to in the Greek Anthology in an epigram, in which the Roman salutation of Salve Jupiter ("Save us, O Jupiter!") is given as a familiar phrase, addressed to sneezers. The author of "Vestiges of Ancient Customs," says:—"Whatever may have been the cause, something mysterious seems always to have been attached to the act of sneezing. Any future evil, however, to which it might have been the prelude was supposed to be averted by a word of good augury from a bystander. This, like many other unintelligible ideas, has a descended from the Romans, to several modern nations."

WHEN ARE WE HAPPIEST?

BY M. A. B.

When are we happiest? When the light of morn
Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest;
When cheerful sounds, upon the fresh winds borne,
Till man resumes his work with blither zest,
While the bright waters leap from rock to glen—
Are we the happiest then?

When are we happiest? In the crowded hall,
When fortune smiles, and flatterers bend the knee?
How soon—how very soon—such pleasures pall!
How fast must falsehood's rainbow-coloring flee;
Its poison flowerets leave the sting of care;
We are not happy there!

Are we the happiest when the evening hearth
Is circled with its crown of living flowers?
When gooth round the laugh of harmless mirth,
And when Affection from her bright urn showers
Her richest balm on the dilating heart?
Bliss! is it there thou art?

Oh, no! not there: it would be happiness
Almost like heaven's if it might always be,
Those brows without one shading of distress,
And wanting nothing but eternity;
But they are things of earth, and pass away—
They must, they must decay!

When are we happiest, then? Oh! when resign'd
To whatsoe'er our cup of life may bring;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,
Creatures of earth, and trust alone in Him
Who giveth, in His mercy, joy or pain,
Oh! we are happiest then!

A Cruel Vengeance.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

I KNEW that I, who had cared nothing for women in the springtime of my life, who had shunned them in my maturity, and had as little thought of ever marrying as of ever being hanged, had now in my sober age fallen head over ears in love with this beautiful Italian child.

"Why do you not laugh, Frank? I laughed myself, I can tell you, and, calling my pride and sense of the ridiculous to my aid, strenuously combated the idea of yielding to such an infatuated fancy. And I really think I should have conquered, and left the place with my secret still untold—left Anita to think of me only as an old gentleman deeply grateful for her care, but that fate itself declared against me and forced me to yield.

"One evening I found Anita sobbing wildly in the little hillside garden, and though I entreated her to tell me the cause of her grief, she refused with a vehemence very foreign to her gentle nature, and darted into the house.

"As she did so, I chanced to look back and saw a fine-looking young man descending the precipitous path between the olive-trees with reckless haste. As he reached the curve of the road, he turned to glare vengefully back at the house, and I saw that his handsome Southern face was distorted with rage.

"The sight impressed me disagreeably. I knew the childish excitability of the people among whom I dwelt, knew how slight a cause might send such a man as this into a foaming frenzy of indignation that might as quickly pass away; but there had been something murderous in that threatening look. I could not shake off the remembrance, try as I would.

"Moreover, who could that familiar, if unfriendly, visitor be? Had I interrupted a lovers' quarrel? If so, then Anita had a lover—was perhaps betrothed, the thought stung me as sharply as the cut of a horse-whip.

"I resolved to know the worst, and laid the whole puzzle and perplexity of my thoughts before Doctor Salviati that very night.

"He listened anxiously and with a darkening brow to my story of the evening's scene, and interrupted me once or twice with an angry exclamation; but he sighed wearily when my tale was done, and paced the narrow little room with a pitifully helpless look.

"'It was her cousin Giuseppe, without doubt,' he muttered uneasily. 'And my poor Anita will never complain!'

"'Because her cousin is also her lover?' I asked, with a coolness that surprised myself; and I am sure Salviati never guessed how wildly my heart was beating.

"'No, indeed!' he said angrily. 'The lad is hard and cruel and wicked, and in her gentle heart my child detests and fears him; but he is her only relative, her mother's child, and she cannot bear to break with with him wholly.'

"'They are not betrothed then?'"

"'The saints forbid!' the old man answered, with a shudder. 'I would rather see Anita in her grave than in Giuseppe Lani's power, though in his mad fashion he worships her, and he has solemnly sworn, they tell me, that sooner or later she shall be his wife. Heaven help my child when I am no longer here to protect her! There will be but one refuge for her then.'

"'And that is——'

"'The convent. She has but a slender portion to bring with her; but the holy mother and the good nuns have known Anita from her babyhood, and love her well; they will take her, I know.'

"I shivered at the sorrowful determination of his tone. There was something terrible in the calmness with which he devoted his beautiful child to the living death of conventual life.

"'And can you bear to think of Anita as a nun, a pale ghostly creature gliding like a shadow through the world to which she is united by no human ties?' I cried, trying to keep every sign of indignation down, but with only indifferent success, I suppose, for Salviati eyed me with more attention as he answered gravely—

"'Is it not better to give her to Heaven to Giuseppe Lani? And I have no other choice.'

"'You have,' I said, the truth that I had sworn to hide for ever forced to my lips at last. 'You can give her to me.'

"'To you,' he echoed confusedly—'to you! You are jesting, signor, or——'

"'I am speaking plain and simple truth. I love your daughter, as well perhaps as any younger man could love her, and can give her at least as much as the convent has to offer.'

"'I know every objection you can make: I am old, and so unlikely to win the love of a beautiful young girl that I do not even ask it; I ask only to be allowed to make her happy, to rescue her from her cousin and the living tomb of a nun.'

"Well, I may cut my story short, Frank. Salviati was not hard to convince. Perhaps my money dazzled him, for he was very, very poor; but he was a simple-hearted affectionate-natured man, broken in health and oppressed with the one great dread that he might be taken away, and his daughter left without a friend or protector in the world.

"It is no wonder that the safe shelter I offered proved an irresistible temptation, or that he spared no pains to bring Anita to his views.

"He did all the love-making, and I was well content that it should be so. I had no wish to make myself either hateful or ridiculous in the girl's eyes; and, playing the lover's part at my age, I must needs have seemed either one or the other.

"What arguments he used I cannot say; but they were successful; and, when he laid Anita's hand in mine, I saw, with a thrill of pleasure, that there was neither fear nor repugnance in the beautiful girl-face, that the shy sweet eyes upraised themselves to mine with an innocent childish trust.

"'Make her happy, signor,' poor old Salviati said below his breath.

"I promised with grateful fervor that I would, and I think, Heaven helping me, that I have kept my word."

Sir George paused and sipped his wine thoughtfully, and Frank watched him with a curious smile, half sympathetic, half amused.

It was so strange to think of his old uncle being in love, to listen to the story of those ante-diluvian hopes and fears, that he half forgot how deeply it concerned himself.

Then suddenly, with a very sharp sting of pain, memory woke, and he asked abruptly—

"But why did you not announce your marriage, sir, having so little reason to hide it."

"No reason at all," Sir George answered, twisting his gray moustache a little ruefully; "only December's usual craven fear of looking absurd beside his blooming May; but I can hardly tell you how things drifted on. First I wished Anita to learn to speak English before I brought her to her English home; then came Salviati's illness and death, to say nothing of the birth of our boy."

"That surely should have hastened the declaration," poor Frank said, a little bitterly, recalling with a fresh twinge of pain all that that foolish unnecessary mystery meant to him.

Sir George laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder with a kindly and entreating pressure.

"Be wholly generous, Frank," he said almost wistfully. "I know I have acted like a dunce and a coward; but do not tell me so very plainly that you share that knowledge."

Frank laughed, and answered very lightly—

"You twist my words, sir; but finish your story. Signor Salviati is dead, you and Lady de Walden are happy—I want all the characters disposed of. What became of Giuseppe Lani?"

Sir George smiled, and shook his gray head.

"He was rather a shadowy character Frank. I never saw him but that once. It seems he went to sea that night, and whether he was drowned or so disgusted with the place that he did not choose to return nobody knows; the only certain thing is that Porto Rico saw him no more. I am sure that for the first few months of our marriage Anita lived in a constant terror that her father fully shared; but of course that died out at last. I do not suppose that any one in the village regretted the young desperado much; I am quite sure I did not. But enough of him. Let us talk of your prospects now."

Frank's face flushed; and he drew his chair back into the shadow, unwilling that his uncle should see all the pain and trouble it revealed.

"I think the best thing, in the circumstances, will be for me to see Mr. Verner and tell him exactly how matters stand," Sir George said hesitatingly. "What do you say, Frank? You know your future father-in-law's peculiarities better than I can guess them."

Frank did not answer immediately; he knew that for him to try to explain matters to Mr. Verner while the latter still smarted under the great shock of an immense disappointment would be only to court a rebuff.

If Essie's father had never said in so many plain words that he gave his daughter to the future Lord of De Walden Court, he had at least let his feeling be very clearly understood.

The young man recalled, with a painful little flush, the eager interest with which he had studied the De Walden pedigree and computed the De Walden acres, the fancy pictures he had drawn of pretty Essie, installed as Lady Bountiful and mistress of the quaint old Manor House.

He never for an instant seemed to think that his son-in-law's life could be in any way influenced by his profession.

It was only the other day, the young man remembered bitterly, that Essie herself had called her father to account for this curious peculiarity of his.

"Why, papa," she cried, opening her big eyes widely, and shaking back the dusky pearl-rimmed love-locks that clustered about her pretty head, "you talk as though we were only to live for and at De Walden! Frank does not reign there yet, you know; and, even when he does, he will still have his profession. How would you like a Lord Chancellor for a son-in-law?"

Mr. Verner laughed at the grotesque suggestion as he looked down at the lovely upturned face and rattled the sovereigns comfortably in his trousers' pocket; but he answered it seriously all the same.

"I should not care much about him, Essie; I prefer Frank as he is. Any clever fellow with luck and working-powers, may mount the woolsack; but it takes some centuries to give a man an historic name and such a fine old ivy-grown heritage as De Walden Court."

Frank had laughed carelessly at the pompous words then; but they came back sharply to his memory now, and the pang they cost him wrung a little weary sigh from his lips.

It was echoed by one from Sir George's. The latter pushed his glass away, and said in a disappointed tone—

"I see you do not approve my proposition. You think by interfering I should only make matters worse."

"But no means, sir," Frank answered, rousing himself at once, and speaking with unmistakable earnestness and sincerity. "I think it more than possible that Mr. Verner would listen with something like decent civility to you. To me—in the first flush of his indignation—he certainly would not."

"Very well then, I will try my luck to-morrow."

Frank tugged thoughtfully at his moustache, and tried in a quick fancy sketch to bring the interview before him, and bring it to a satisfactory conclusion.

But in this latter attempt at least he utterly failed; even had there been no illusion to destroy, no painful revelation to make Sir George de Walden and Constantine Verner were men so diametrically opposite that he could not imagine them coalescing.

"I—I am afraid you will find the task you undertake no very easy one," he said, with a faint smile. "Mr. Verner is——"

"A man who, through my instrumentality has been deceived, whose hopes I have raised in an unjustifiable fashion—therefore a man who has every claim upon my forbearance," Sir George finished grandly. "You need not think my temper will fail me, Frank, even if I do have to listen to hard words. I shall let Mr. Verner's indignation exhaust itself, and then, as he calms down, appeal to him, as a sensible man of the world, to listen to a just and reasonable proposition."

Sir George was so evidently delighted with and confident in the success of his plan that Frank had not the heart to put forward any further objection; besides, it was so easy and pleasant to catch the infection of the old man's hope, thought the poor young lover—was at stake, all must go well.

"Well, you will do your best, I know, sir; and, when your interview with Mr. Verner is over, provided that it does not end in a quarrel——"

"As I promise you it shall not," Sir George broke in lightly. "Well, when our amicable conference is at an end—what then?"

"Why, then you will see Essie," the young fellow answered, with a broken laugh; "and then you will understand."

"How much I have made you suffer in these twenty-four hours of suspense!" Sir George said, resting his hand with an earnest kind pressure on his nephew's arm. "But it will be over when I see you again, and your happiness will be assured on a firmer and safer basis than it has had yet. I do not, will not doubt of my success, and you must not doubt it either: in fact, my greatest anxiety is now—Miss Essie herself."

"You need not doubt her; she is an angel of unselfishness, sir."

"No doubt; but you have raised my expectations rather high, you must admit; and, if I find her anything short of perfection in female form, I shall not think her worthy of your eulogium, or, indeed, of my nephew Frank."

Frank did not answer; but his smile was eloquent enough.

He had no doubt of Essie's perfections, no fear that his uncle would fail to recognize them at first sight.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was long before Frank de Walden fell asleep that night, for his thoughts were all confused, and his nerves jarred with the shock they had received; but, much to his surprise, when he did doze off at last, his sleep was deep and dreamless, and when he awoke in the morning it was in a much calmer and more hopeful frame of his mind.

The sun shone brightly into the pretty room, and the dewy sweetness of the summer dawn seemed to breathe some fresh hope.

His naturally elastic spirits rose, his disposition to make the best of everything served him in good stead now.

He recalled the discussion of the previous night, Sir George's proposal to make him for the present a generous allowance, Sir George's practical suggestion that he himself should see Mr. Verner and lay before him the true state of affairs.

"What can it matter to him whether Essie is Lady de Walden or not?" the sanguine young fellow argued, with brightening eyes and flushing face. "Nay, she shall be Lady de Walden too before she dies. They knight merely successful lawyers, and I will mount the woolsack for her sake, and put a coronet upon her pretty head if she cares to wear it. Oh, I will fear nothing, regret nothing! Mr. Verner must listen to reason, and Essie will be true."

Buoyed up with this conviction, and honestly sharing the poet's fancy that whatever is best, Frank appeared at the breakfast-table with quite a radiant face, and laughed and chatted so pleasantly that a heavy weight was lifted from Sir George de Walden's mind, and Anita's large liquid eyes turned to him more than once with a serenely grateful look.

She was even more beautiful in the full morning light, in her pretty cotton gown, with its delicate crisp puffs and frillings, than she had been in the silken sheen of her full dress and in the softened lustre of the lamps.

Frank looked with half-dazzled eyes at the bright hair, the pure perfect face, the warm white skin, and serious shining eyes and, as he looked, he murmured beneath his breath the line in which Tennyson has summarised all female beauty—

"'A sight to make an old man young?'"

"What is that, Frank?" Sir George asked looking sharply up from his paper; and Frank laughed guiltily, remembering how little complimentary to one side of the house his involuntary quotation had been.

"Where is the son and heir? Does he not pay a morning and evening visit?" he asked half at random, to cover his confusion, and half because he really wished to renew his acquaintance with the pretty child.

Lady de Walden smiled, and Sir George said drily.

"Don't be impatient, Frank; you will have rather too much of that young man before your visit is over. Anita rarely lets him out of her sight."

"I am so strange here," Anita explained, resting her large eyes on the young man's face. "When we are at home, and Georgie has his governess and his lessons, it will not be so; but now I am afraid."

"Afraid of what?" her husband asked, with a smile of amused contempt, though Frank thought the young stranger's nervous terrors very natural and pretty. "Of servants, or the De Walden tenantry? There are no brigands in the Westshire hills, and nothing worse than smugglers along the Westshire coast; so you may make your mind easy, though I do mean to run away and leave you."

"To leave me!" the girl cried, with widening eyes.

"Yes, but for the day only. I shall be back by the last train, and I shall leave Frank in charge."

Frank saw that the girl made a strong effort not to show the dismay she felt at this proposal; and, anxious to spare her pain, he put in eagerly—

"There is really no reason why you should take this journey, sir. I can explain all to Mr. Verner, or, for that matter, you could write."

"I have already written, asking Mr. Verner to receive me 'between one and two o'clock; so the only thing that is to be said on the subject is that I must start by the next train," Sir George answered decisively. "Frank, you must act as cicerone in my absence, for Anita is still a stranger in her home."

"Perhaps Lady de Walden would rather I went with you," Frank persisted, thinking the girl might shrink with shy distaste from the task of entertaining or being entertained by a stranger; but Sir George, who had no wish that his nephew should assist at the coming interview with Mr. Verner, waved the proposal peremptorily aside, and Anita said, with evident sincerity—

"Oh, no; I would much rather have you stay!"

So he gave up the point as cheerfully as he possibly could, saw his uncle off, and made up his mind for a long day's suspense.

"I shall be back before ten, Frank," Sir George cried, as they parted at the little rustic station; "and I hope to bring news that will make amends for all. Who knows? Mr. Verner may let us have your Essie here upon a visit. Anita will be charmed to make an English friend."

Frank smiled and shook his head, feeling that it did not do to challenge Fate by hoping too much, and yet nearly as sanguine as the other in his heart.

He went back then to the Court, and conscientiously devoted himself to the task of amusing Lady de Walden and her son.

It was a task that should not have been difficult, for the house was old, filled with curious legendary treasures, with historic tapestries, and portraits; and Frank, who was a thorough master of his subject, had very pretty natural gifts as a raconteur.

But somehow he felt himself a failure today.

Anita made a gallant effort to seem interested in all he told her; but her nerves had been overwrought, and she was suffering from a terrible depression now.

She felt a stranger among strangers, as she wandered through the great gloomy galleries, listening abstractedly to an unfamiliar tongue.

They were all friends and kin to her companion, these dead and gone De Walcons who lined the walls in ruff and farthingale, in armor and buff-coat; but it seemed to her that, one and all alike, the large-eyed ladies, the solemn cavaliers, even her husband's mother, in a short-waisted, low-necked dress, with mittens on her plump arms and a straw hat tied down over her cherry cheeks and bright brown curls, seemed to frown darkly at her as an intruder and an alien in that sacred place.

"You are not well, Lady de Walden?" Frank cried at last, struck by her long silence; and then, turning to look at her, he saw she had grown very pale, and that the violet eyes were painfully dilated—they looked almost black in her sad white face.

"Yes; I am well," the girl answered, with a little shiver. "But I am not welcome here. How should I be? I think I will go from among these people who look so coldly at me."

Frank stared, a little surprised; but the surprise soon changed to sympathy.

The girl's eyes were rather wild, and the soft contralto voice had a tragic ring; but her emotion was perfectly genuine.

There was nothing in the least theatrical or affected about her, and he was quite imaginative enough to understand the effect that such a scene might have upon a sensitive nature.

"I was very wrong to tire you, and keep you in that dull old place so long," he said, with honest compunction; "but my tongue runs away with me when I get among those old fellows and begin to tell their stories. I forget that I am boring people to death."

"You did not bore me," Anita said seriously; "and I am not tired. I am frightened, that is all."

"Frightened of your husband's, of Georgie's ancestors?"

"Of them, and of something else!"

The girl paused, with a strong shiver, and turned her golden head away—then, as though changing her purpose, looked round again and up at the kind troubled face above her with very pitifully shining eyes.

"Mr. De Walden, do you believe in presentiments?" she asked below her breath. "Because I have one to-day—I have had it all the way home. There is a shadow, a terror all around me; it comes nearer and nearer. I know it means harm to those I love—or to me."

Frank was not superstitious; but, as has been said before, he was very highly imaginative.

There was a terrible reality of conviction in her tone, and the fixed, frightened eyes which seemed to gaze on something hidden from his view impressed the young man disagreeably.

He made a vigorous effort to shake off the uncomfortable feeling and answer in a practical common-sense tone; but the effort was not attended with any marked success. Anita soon conquered her nervous fears, and thanked him with her gentle grateful smile; but it was evident still that the haunting spectre was not exorcised, though she resolutely thrust it out of sight.

"I was wrong in one thing, at least," she said, as she was leaving him. "Sir George told me that he had used you badly and I thought you were to be my foe."

"I hope all your foes and troubles too may prove just such scarecrow phantoms," Frank said cordially. "Take a little rest, Lady de Walden, and, believe me, all your fears will vanish in thin air."

She left him then, whether to follow his advice or not he did not of course know; and, though he had so decidedly pooh-poohed her terrors, he found himself considering them with grave attention as soon as her back was turned.

"There is some oppressive influence in the atmosphere," he thought, as he twisted and stroked his blond moustache, and stared thoughtfully down the long avenue in which little Georgie, with his fair hair floating on the soft breeze, was playing with a gentle colley puppy, while his nurse sat and worked sedately under the shadow of a big beech-tree. "Who knows? She may be warned by some strange instinct of calamity at hand."

A child's laugh, fresh, ringing, and silver sweet, elicited by some more than usually eccentric gambol upon the puppy's part, fell upon the young man's ear and cut his morbid musings short. His face brightened, and he drew himself up with a vigorous shake, as though ridding himself of some incumbrance.

"Pshaw—what an idiotic fancy!" he cried as he stepped out into the bright sunshine. "If any one should anticipate evil, it is I—I who may lose my love to-night; but I will not court sorrow; it will be hard enough to endure her crushed presence when she comes."

The sunlight filtered through the green leaves and fell lovingly on the bright head and frank handsome face.

The little lad ran to greet him, and clung to the strong brown hand of his new friend with childish trust, the puppy leaped up about his knees, claiming with large loose paws and an imbecilely open mouth some share of his notice too.

The love and trust of the innocent young creatures pleased and touched Frank de Walden; he pulled the dog's ears and patted his little cousin's golden curls, as he turned to the nurse, and said in his pleasant cordial way—

"I will take Master Georgie for a short walk, nurse; he must learn to trust me, you know."

The nurse made her prim little curtsey, thinking what a good-hearted and nice-spoken young gentleman this was, though not long afterwards she recalled those innocent-sounding words with a horrified thrill; but she at least was troubled with no presentiments, and went back to the house to enjoy her unexpected holiday hour with whole-hearted content.

Meanwhile, with Georgie clinging to his hand trotting on those sturdy little legs beside him, with the puppy jumping and frisking about his heels, Frank went off to visit the water-fowl in the big lake, to feed the peacocks on the terrace, and the chickens and ducklings in the farm-yard.

His delight with all he saw was irresistible and infectious. He chatted like a little magpie, and his shrill sweet little laugh rang out perpetually as some fresh miracle of fluffy beauty met his enraptured eye.

"Come, Georgie must go back now," Frank said, consulting his watch at last, though the child showed no symptom of fatigue; he knew that for a mite like that enough of exercise and excitement had been crowded into one day; and, with a longing look back, the obedient little fellow came at once to Frank's side.

But, as he returned him to the nurse's care, Frank felt the fat little arms clasp themselves about his throat, saw the pretty face, with its flushed cheeks and sparkling blue eyes, uplift itself to his, and heard the soft voice whisper coaxingly—

"To-morrow, cousin Frank—again to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" Frank repeated the word a little dreamily, wondering what for him that morrow would bring forth. "Yes, surely, Georgie, to-morrow shall be as pleasant for you and me as to-day."

Little George was fully content with this promise, and went in the highest spirits to his meal of bread-and-milk; but the rest of the day hung rather wearily on Frank's hands, and it was with something like rapture that he hailed the approach of his uncle's train. He had driven over to the station to meet him; and when he saw the familiar figure step out upon the platform, he felt his heart stand still; in another moment he should know his fate—nay, he knew it already, for, as the flickering light of the oil-lamp fell upon Sir George de Walden's face he saw that it was full of angry disappointment and pain.

The conviction was an assured one from the first, and Sir George's stern silence strengthened it. It was not until they were bowling smoothly along the moonlit road, between the tall gorse-clad hills, that Frank found strength or self-control to speak. Then he said, in an uncertain voice—

"You have seen Mr. Verner?"

"Yes; I have failed in my embassy. Mr. Verner says that he promised his daughter to my heir, that he utterly refuses to give her to a poor and struggling man."

He spoke with hard distinctness, and Frank listened in a stony calm. It seemed to him now that he had known from the very first how it would be, what message his uncle would bring.

"And Essie?" he began, but Sir George cut the question short.

"I did not see Miss Verner; but her father seemed assured of her obedience. Frank, my dear boy, I have never felt how much I wronged you until to-day."

"You had a right to consider yourself," Frank said in the same dull tone; and Sir George finished the sentence with genuine self-reproach.

"To consider myself! Yes; but not to make a dupe of you. I am regretting the long concealment, not the marriage, Frank."

But Frank did not answer; he was absorbed in miserable thought.

CHAPTER V.

"STAND still, Master Georgie!" the nurse said, with a despairing sigh, as she vainly tried to settle the smart scarlet cap upon the silky curls that shone like pale gold in the morning sunshine, and keep the little dancing figure still. "You shall have your little stool, and sit on the terrace with Carlo presently; but you must not expect your cousin yet for a 'ong, long time. He has not had breakfast yet."

"I have had brexfus," said the child, with an argumentative air; but the nurse shook her head.

"Grown-up gentlefolks are not like little boys," she said peremptorily.

She was fond of her charge no doubt; but Georgie, in his impatience to renew the delights of yesterday, was exacting and irritable, and her patience had been sorely tried. So she gave the child a little shake, and deposited him on his hassock in the verandah, with strict injunctions not to stir until his cousin came, and then went to add a freshening touch or two to her own toilet for the day.

"That child will wear me into my grave!" she cried pettishly to a housemaid she met in the hall. "I never saw any one worry for anything as he has for his cousin since yesterday."

"Well, he will be happy now," the girl answered, with a laugh, "for Mr. de Walden has just gone out, to get a walk over before breakfast, I suppose."

The nurse supposed so too, and, busy with her own affairs, thought no more about the matter. Her window overlooked the verandah in which the child sat, and, as she bustled about, she heard the little voice ring out with a welcoming cry of—"Cousin Fwank, cousin Fwank!" and the hurrying patter of the little feet as they ran round the side of the house.

"Thank goodness for an hour's peace!" she cried devoutly. "I do think Mr. Frank de Walden is the kindest gentleman and the greatest blessing that ever came into a house."

* * * * *

"It is strange that Frank does not make his appearance," said Sir George de Walden, coming back from the window out of which he had been gazing with absent eyes, and taking his place at the well-spread breakfast-table. "I trust he is not taking this matter too much to heart—not resenting it to us."

He spoke almost querulously, and Anita shook her fair head.

"I do not think so. He is so generous, so kind; and he is not ill, for nurse tells me he has taken Georgie for a walk."

"Taken Georgie!" her husband echoed, opening his eyes widely, as though the information astonished him. "Well, that is good-natured, I must say!"

"Yes, they had a long walk together yesterday, and nurse says Georgie could talk of nothing but the chickens and swans and his cousin all last night. He exacted the promise of another stroll to-day, and roused her at daylight to prepare for it."

"Little tyrant!" Sir George said, with a proud laugh. "Frank might have kept his promise and eaten his breakfast though." Then, turning to the servant, he added—"See that the cook keeps something hot for Mr. de Walden, Fletcher."

The man left the room, and, the moment he had gone, Sir George put down his paper and chuckled complacently.

"He cannot be so very broken-hearted if he can remember a baby's wish. Perhaps it is a mere flash-in-the-pan fancy, and he is not really in love with this Miss Verner at all. I hope so with all my heart, for the father is a hard unyielding man, made harder still by the thought that he has been tricked into a promise."

"But surely he does not accuse Frank of any treachery?" Anita cried, with an emphasis that brought the color to her husband's face.

"Well, he has been deceived, of course," he said reluctantly, smoothing the broad sheet of the *Times* out with rather a trembling hand. "And, though Heaven knows poor Frank was innocent in the matter, the man naturally thought him a much more eligible suitor than he is."

"Can you do nothing for him, George?"

"I can and I will," Sir George said emphatically. "I told Mr. Verner very plainly that I felt I had been to blame, and had incurred a moral responsibility in the matter of my nephew's career; but he absolutely declined to discuss the matter, and hinted pretty plainly that he considered the lad an impostor."

"And the girl?" Anita asked anxiously.

Sir George shrugged his shoulders.

"I should say Mr. Verner's domestic discipline was pretty strict. There is an air of assured authority about him. But do not look so distressed, my pet; Frank is made of sterling stuff, and a love-affair will not crush him."

He took up his paper again as the man re-entered the room, this time bearing a note on a small tray.

"It was found in Mr. de Walden's room sir," he said, with what almost looked like a faint flush of interest in his ordinarily impassive face. Anita pushed back her chair and came quickly over to her husband's side.

"From Frank! What can it be?" she cried, with nervous impatience of the slow fashion in which he turned the missive over. "Oh, open it, George, and see!"

Sir George obeyed, and read the few lines the letter contained in a very querulous tone.

"My dear Uncle,—Neither you nor Lady de Walden must think me ungracious or unkind, but the news you gave me last night was a terrible shock, and has upset me more than I quite like to show. I cannot rest until I have heard her father's verdict confirmed by Esther's own lips, and so I have gone to her. Do not trouble about me; all will end well one way or another. If she will wait for me, I shall be the happiest of men; if not—well, 'Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love'—and my wound will cure like the rest. So I am off by the early train."

A shrill scream broke from Lady de Walden's lips, and, but for the desperate strength with which she clutched the tall chair-back she must have fallen. Sir George looked up; his face was merely cross and puzzled; but one glance at that drawn, blanched face, those eyes of utter agony, and he sprang quickly to his feet, flung one arm round his wife's waist, and tried to draw her to a chair; but, ghastly as she looked, she broke from him with a desperate strength and hurried towards the door, all the anguish and terror of heart finding vent in the hoarse cry—

"My boy—Georgie! Oh! let me go!"

But Sir George drew her forcibly back. He too had grown perceptibly paler, and had a very startled look; but he had still calmness enough to feel that her hysterical excitement was misplaced.

"Calm yourself for Heaven's sake, Anita, and I will ring for nurse," he said, more sternly than he had ever spoken to his young wife yet. "Georgie is no doubt with her by now; your alarm is childish and absurd."

But, though he spoke so calmly, he was by no means easy in his mind; and, when nurse at last appeared, with a pale face and tear-reddened frightened eyes, his fears were almost equal to those that tore poor Anita's heart in two.

"Master Georgie is not yet back?" he repeated sternly. "How came you to lose sight of him for so long?"

"Please, sir, it was Mr. de Walden?" the girl cried, with a courtsey and a stifled sob, for the news that Mr. de Walden had taken train to town had spread quickly through the house, and left the little lad's fate a mystery to the servant's mind. "He cried so to go with his cousin; and how could I refuse the precious darling that?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MANUFACTURING MACARONI.—One of the industries carried on in the Italian quarter in New York is the manufacture of macaroni. Fifteen workmen are employed. The work is done in a rear room on the second floor. When a reporter called the other day the proprietor, who is a round-faced Neapolitan, said: "We use flour from hard winter wheat, and the best we can get of its kind. We pour the flour into these tubs and put in about one gallon of water to thirty pounds of flour. We do not measure it; the men let in a little water, and they know when the dough is right."

Two men were leaning over the tubs that had apparently been put into the room by the builder for wash-tubs. They allowed the water to run slowly from the faucets into the mixture of flour, all the time stirring, lifting, punching and pulling it with their hands as if death awaited their first stop to rest.

"It is very exhausting work," said the boss; "when they can work no longer two others, who are resting in the next room, will take their places."

The table was a big, stout one, built on the opposite side of the room. Two long levers projected over it, the ends of which were loosely fastened to the wall a short distance above the table by short swivels. Round blocks, like pestles, were suspended under the levers.

The dough, in high batches, was placed under the levers, and then three men took hold of each lever, adjusted the pestles over the dough, and threw their weight on them. They worked the levers in short arcs of circles, and their exertions made the dough at once stiff and hard and yet very tough and tenacious.

Some men were placing a huge loaf of the dough into a vertical copper cylinder with a strong screw above it, the machine looking something like an old-fashioned hand cider press.

On top of the dough the men placed a piston that fit the cylinder nicely, and then they ran the screw down on it. They then clapped hold of three long levers and began to walk around, but they did not walk rapidly nor easily. When the screw began to get a good hold, little slender streams of dough shot down through small perforations in the bottom of the cylinders. As fast as they reached a length of two feet or more they were cut off by a man who hung them over wooden frames and carried them away.

"We dry them on these frames eight days," said the boss; "when the air is moist we dry them longer. Big holes in the cylinder make macaroni; little holes vermicelli. Sometimes it is rolled thin, like a sheet of paper and cut up with razors into different shapes. These are used to thicken soup, but we do not make much of them. The macaroni has the largest sale; but only Italians can cook it. It is easy to say boil it in pure water, dress it with concentrated meat gravy and grated cheese, and serve it hot, but who can do it.

"In Genoa the macaroni is colored with saffron. Neapolitans use only pure flour and pure water. When Neapolitan macaroni is cooked by an Italian it has a very faint greenish tinge. In Italy the Kings, the lazzaroni, all eat macaroni every day. You should see them. Zobini, there at the table, he can swallow a macaroni three feet long and never break it. No man can do so well in this building. If Zobini were in his own country he would have no gravy nor cheese with his macaroni, so he says here."

AN ENGINEER'S DREAM.—Sleeper is an engineer employed on a well-known line of railway. His wife has been wearing a piece of red flannel round her neck for the last ten days, and complaining of a stiff neck. This is how it came to pass.

Sleeper had just been doing extra duty, taking a sick friend's train in addition to his own, and so had not been in bed for forty-eight hours. As a matter of course he was nearly worn out and as soon as his supper had been eaten he went to bed.

He was soon locked in the arms of Morpheus, and dreaming. Again his foot was on his native platform, and he heard the warning toot of the whistle for brakes. The shadowy train bore him swiftly on; the telegraph posts fled past quicker and quicker; the whole country fled by like a panorama mounted on sheet-lightning rollers.

In his dream he heard far off another roar and swinging out by the railings he saw another train coming at lightning speed around the curve. Both trains were crowded with passengers; in another moment they would rush together, and from the piles of ruin a cry of agony would shiver to the stars from the lips of the maimed and dying. With the strength of desperation he seized the brake and turned it down.

There was a yell of pain, and the dreamer woke to find himself sitting up in bed and holding his wife by the ears, having almost twisted off her head.

That's how Sleeper's wife came to wear a piece of red flannel round her throat, and complain of a stiff neck.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill;
I must grind out the golden grain;
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook in the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
One doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing failing us once or twice
May come if we try again.

ON AND OFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "LOVER AND LORD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

IN front of them stretched the blue waters of the roadstead, sparkling here and there with little points of light, as wavelet after wavelet danced and dipped in the sunshine.

On the other side lay two green islands, side by side, Herm and Jethou; a stretch of yellow beach gleamed there, little white houses sunned themselves, and sharp brown rocks ran out into the deep sea at the ends.

Between the two appeared the sea again, "wine-dark" there, and bordered by a misty vision of the coast of France.

Further back, to the right, rose the long range of cliffs which builds up the island of Sark,—brown and green, softened into a shade of lilac by the distance, and the summer haze, and the blue and purple reflections of the water; and on the horizon lay a narrow gray band of cloud, which was Jersey.

It was a lovely scene—it would be hard to find a lovelier; Ada leant on the wall, and gazed at it in silence.

She was not wont to be wrought upon by Nature, but to-day the mighty mother was too strong for her.

The sun kissed the sea; and the sea laughed up at him, and tossed its skimming seagulls to their play, and cradled all its lazy islands, and softly nursed its fretting huge rocks.

The gladness of it, and the brightness, and the peace, suddenly forced the looker-on to a sense of much contrast. Was she really happy?

Oh, she was comfortable enough; she had everything she wanted, money for her needs all the luxuries of life, easy duties, nothing but kindness.

Is there nothing better than this? insisted the little waves that splashed round the big buoy,—nothing better, nothing better? They made a sort of refrain of it, and splashed it out again and again.

"What should I want better?" Ada asked herself petulantly. "I never went in for sentiment."

The sea murmured on, and the sun shone still upon it. They seemed to be waiting for her answer.

"We are happy: are you?"

"I don't suppose anyone is absolutely happy," she thought. "If they are, I never met them. No, I'm not very happy. What does it matter? I get on very well; but, no I'm not happy at all."

Two sea-gulls were chasing each other up and down the waves, rising and falling, gliding in the air and resting in the water, but always keeping near each other. "They look happy, at any rate," thought poor Ada. And then, curiously, there came into her mind some words heard long ago in a common hotel sitting-room: "Cheer up, dear, you're not alone in the world now."

"I am alone," she answered, "all alone in the world."

And her tears dropped upon the great stones of the harbor wall.

"There she comes," cried Freddy, tired of standing on his dignity. "Isn't she a beauty?"

A splendid schooner yacht was sliding in between the islands; and as they looked, her great sails dropped, and she rocked idly outside the harbor.

"It is the *Wild Swan*. I was sure I knew the cut of her. It's Lord Clitheroe's; a capital fellow is Clitheroe; met him at Gib. Lady C.'s wretchedly delicate; he's always taking her about somewhere for change of air, or warm climate, or something—generally with a tame doctor to look after her. Awful bore, I should think."

"Ah!" said Mr. Plympton; "how sad that is! A young creature, with every luxury, and all the world smiling on her, not able to enjoy anything. It's natural for old people to be ailing and poorly: and they ought to take it so, and not be forever grumbling and fretting, and making themselves a nuisance. But a young thing like that—a countess, too—with a devoted husband, dear me!"

"Dear Mr. Plympton," said Ada, "you are the most inveterate grumbler for other people I ever knew. Why don't you grumble a little for yourself, by way of a change? If Lady Clitheroe has every luxury, and a devoted husband, she ought to be the better able to bear her ill-health."

"Ah, my dear," he answered, "you don't know."

"No," said Ada, "I don't; that's the truth."

And somehow she found the tears so near her eyes again, that she had to turn away to hide them.

Poor Mr. Plympton was inexpressibly distressed.

"My dear, my dear," he entreated, "don't cry. It was so thoughtless of me; I don't know how I could have said such a thing to remind you of your troubles. Just like me—always inconsiderate."

"Hem," meditated Freddy. "Never thought that jolly little woman could cry. I suppose these tears are a tribute to the memory of the late lamented Chesney. It's the first hint I've heard of his existence."

"Never mind," said Ada, turning round brightly, "it was not your fault. It was my own thoughts that upset me; not anything that you said. I don't know what made me so horribly sentimental; forget it, please. They are lowering a boat from the *Wild Swan* now; perhaps you will see your friend, Mr. Whipple."

(I ought before this to have introduced Freddy in form as Frederick Plympton Whipple, Esq., lieutenant in the——th Artillery.)

"In a hurry for his letters, no doubt. Yes, by Jove, there he is; and I bet that other chap with him in the boat is the doctor. I'll run round to the steps and shake hands with him. By-bye, Uncle. Good-bye, Mrs. Chesney."

Ada scarcely noticed his farewell. There was something strangely familiar about the figure of one of the two men who sat in the stern of the approaching boat, which made her heart beat fast.

She could not see the face at first, but she never had a doubt of what she should see. Sheltering her own with her parasol, she leant forward on the wall, and peeped from under.

She had not been mistaken; it was her husband; and to her own extreme surprise, she felt an intense joy.

There he was, once more before her, after so many months: and she who had sent him away from her was utterly delighted to see him again.

But she had no mind that he should see her, and keeping her glowing face well behind the hood of Mr. Plympton's chair, she proposed to go home.

Mr. Plympton's penitence for his unfortunate remark was such that he was prepared to accede to any wish of hers; so they went straight towards their lodgings, avoiding the steps, on which Wilfrid Chesney was just setting his foot,

CHAPTER IV.

FREDDY WHIPPLE'S appearance took Lord Clitheroe somewhat by surprise; but yachting men are too much accustomed to dropping from the skies themselves to be astonished at finding anyone turning up anywhere.

There was just enough bustle, however, about the landing and meeting to allow Wilfrid Chesney to slip off uninitroduced, and pursue his way to the post-office all alone.

He was not fond of appearing in the character of what Freddy had called "tame doctor," and sometimes now took solitary fits, which Lord Clitheroe called "grumps," and Lady Clitheroe "melancholy."

A new arrival and an old friend was too great a windfall into the dullness of garrison life in Guernsey to be lightly let slip; Freddy kept hold of his prize, and inquired his intentions.

When it appeared that he was in search of rooms, where his wife would be comfortable on shore for a week or so, and had not the least idea how to set about looking for them—Freddy insisted that he and "the doctor" should come up to lunch at Mr. Plympton's, and consult Ada, whose name, however, he did not happen to mention.

After some demur from fear of intruding, Lord Clitheroe finally accepted the invitation, and went off to seek Wilfrid; while, by dint of much muscular exertion, guided by local knowledge, Freddy contrived to dash through the market, buy a basket of the peculiar Guernsey make, and fill it with great golden plums, and red-brown figs bursting with warm oozy sweetness; and moreover to scale the face of the hill by endless flights of steps, and give Ada timely notice of the approach of guests. She had been making up her mind to the chance of a meeting, but this was sooner than she had bargained for.

"What is the doctor's name?" she slowly asked.

"Don't know. I didn't ask, and I don't think Clitheroe mentioned it. I didn't see him to be introduced."

Had Freddy mentioned hers, she wondered, but dared not ask. "If he knows that I am here, he won't come," she decided. But since the days of her short courtship she had not dressed herself so carefully as she did for luncheon that day, though she had not much time for thinking of it.

Lord Clitheroe and Dr. Chesney were rather late in arriving at the pretty little furnished house which Mr. Plympton had taken, overlooking the harbor.

They were shown into a prim, pleasant room, with French windows opening on a little plot of grass garden.

Wilfrid caught sight at once of an old gentleman in an arm-chair, and of a fair, graceful little lady in black standing behind him.

He stood stock-still, uncertain whether to bolt or face it out, and feeling suddenly as if he had committed some tremendous crime, and were going to be publicly exposed.

Before he had thought of any measures of self-defence, Freddy had introduced Lord Clitheroe to the gentleman and lady, and Lord Clitheroe was saying:

"This is curious. I was just about to introduce my friend as Dr. Chesney, but perhaps it is unnecessary."

"Yes," said Ada, advancing calmly, and holding out her hand. "Dr. Chesney and I have met before."

Wilfrid shook hands with her in stupid silence. He literally could not find a word to say.

What a fashion in which to meet his wife! He did not know whether he ought to recognize her or not.

"It is pleasant for you to meet a friend, my dear," remarked Mr. Plympton. "I suppose Dr. Chesney is a relation."

"We are connexions by marriage," Ada replied, with an audacious glance at Wilfrid's confused face. "Dr. Chesney belongs to my husband's family."

He recovered his self-possession in a sudden sense of the absurdity of the position.

"It is a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing you. I hope you have been well ever since, and enjoyed yourself."

"We will compare notes at our leisure by-and-by," she answered, airily. "I want to hear your adventures too, but in the meantime luncheon waits."

The luncheon did credit to the extempore resources of both housekeeper and cook; and Freddy took great pride in the sumptuous dish of fruit which he had piled up himself, and decorated with some vine-leaves.

Lord Clitheroe enjoyed himself; he liked his kindly host; he promptly got up a mild flirtation with Mrs. Chesney; he made acquaintance with Guernsey sour curds, rich and flaky, and under her tuition treated them in proper style with cream, sugar, and nutmeg; while Wilfrid sat at the side, a very secondary personage indeed, with Freddy to do the civil to him—and watched his wife presiding at another man's table, bestowing all her smiles and her lively remarks upon another guest, and seemingly only remembering his existence to perform the courteous duties of a hostess.

If she had absolutely ignored him, he thought it would have been less infuriating; but when she told Freddy to give Dr. Chesney a clean plate, he longed to hurl it at her head, and when she asked him carelessly if he would not try the curds too, he would as soon have swallowed poison.

He would be even with her, though. She was mistress of the situation now; and after all, he did not want to change it.

She treated him as a stranger, and so would he treat her; he would ignore her airs and graces, and her flirtations, and her confounded coolness, and be as cool as herself.

After all, what was there between them, but a few weeks' folly two years ago, which they had agreed to forget?

Luncheon over, the question of lodgings was fully discussed, Ada contributing all the information she possessed, and Wilfrid going into Lady Clitheroe's special requirements in the most matter-of-fact fashion. Just as a list of possible rooms was being drawn up, a strong tug at the door-bell made Mr. Plympton start, and preluded the appearance of a fat middle-aged man, greasy as to the eyes, smooth as to the cheeks, and either oily or careless as to manner, who pressed the middle of Ada's hand with the tips of his fingers, and made a low rather un-English bow, when introduced by Freddy to Lord Clitheroe as Major Bangham.

"I am very happy to meet your lordship. Do you make a very long stay in the island?"

"That will depend upon Lady Clitheroe's health, and upon the advice of our friend, Dr. Chesney," the Viscount answered, introducing the latter by a gesture.

"Chesney? Ah!" remarked Major Bangham, looking interrogative at little Ada.

"A connection by marriage of Mrs. Chesney," explained Plympton, carefully rehearsing his information.

"Ah!" repeated the major. "Relative of the late Mr. Chesney, I presume?"

"His son," put in Ada, demurely.

Wilfrid's eyes met hers with a glance of intense amusement. Angry as he was, he could not help entering into the fun.

"Oh, indeed! Indeed," rather puzzled. "Oh, yes, to be sure," brightening up as a solution occurred to him. "Mrs. Chesney's step-son, of course. I never could guess those puzzles about relationship. If John married James' sister, and James married John's mother, you know; that sort of thing."

"The only puzzle that has to be solved at present," Ada interrupted, "is where to find rooms with a sea view, a cool bedroom, a nice garden to sit out in, and not approached by streets with a pavement calculated to dislocate the springs of a bath-chair, and the nerves of an invalid. Do you know of such an elysium, Major Bangham?"

"Upon my word, I think those rooms the Robinsons have just turned out of—you know them, Whipple—are as like it as anything you'll find."

"To be sure," said Freddy. "Abominably stupid of me not to have thought of it before. Nice little diggings they are, I know; but how to find them is past me. I know you go up a road, and down a lane, and into another road, and down another lane, and then find yourself somewhere between Fermain and Pleinmont, close to the cliffs."

"Not very clear," responded his superior officer. "I will write down the address, and then if Lord Clitheroe takes a trap, the driver will probably be able to find the place."

"I am much obliged to you, I am sure," responded Lord Clitheroe. "If you have nothing better to do this afternoon, perhaps you would have the kindness to join us. I suppose I can get a carriage that will hold the party, and it is a lovely afternoon for a drive."

"Guernsey carriages can be had of all dimensions," put in Freddy. "A chair accommodates two affectionate people and a pug dog; the larger vehicles are designed to convey a Rechabite picnic party each, together with the tea-kettles."

"Thanks," responded the major; "but really it is rather hot to be out, you know; and this drawing-room has charms which it is difficult for a man to resist," with a languishing look at Ada.

"I hoped to rob it of most of its charms by persuading Mr. Plympton and Mrs. Chesney to accompany us," Lord Clitheroe answered, turning to them. "It would be so kind of you to act as guides and counsellors, and make quite a pleasure party of that most wearisome business, hunting for lodgings."

Mr. Plympton, of course, took a good deal of persuading, but he yielded as soon as he realized that his presence was the condition of Ada's.

Freddy rushed off, vowing that he would be back in less than half-an-hour in possession of the largest carriage St. Peterport could produce; and Ada stepped outside the large window to gather a spray of jessamine.

"Is there not a charming view from this little lawn, Dr. Chesney?" she asked. Her manner gave an invitation to join her, which he was too sulky to accept her at once.

"Charming," he answered, fixily; "and this chair is judiciously placed so as to command it without the trouble of going near there."

The pink in her cheeks grew deep; she turned away to choose a rose. Lord Clitheroe stepped out instantly.

"It is so lovely," he said with emphasis. "Might one light a cigar and take a stroll round?"

"By all means. Mr. Plympton does not dislike tobacco in the open air."

"But do you dislike it?"

"Oh, not in the least; I can even stand it in-doors. Not that I am ever called on to do so now, but when I lived in the world I found it necessary. A sort of conventual atmosphere enwraps the woman before whom men dare not smoke."

"I am happy to say that Mrs. Chesney is always indulgent to our little foibles," inserted the bland voice of Major Bangham, who had likewise emerged from the drawing-room, and was producing a fat cigar from a fatter cigar case, elaborately embroidered.

"Not to all," said Ada, with a pretty little shake of her head; "it wouldn't be good for you."

"What are on your Index Purgatorius, then?" asked the Major. Lord Clitheroe gave a little gasp.

"Brandy before dinner-time, I think—and bad tobacco, I am sure. Oh, and flattery. Not compliments, you know, but flattery."

"Pray, what is the difference?" inquired Lord Clitheroe.

"Compliments are praise that one can appropriate; flattery is praise that one can't. If you praise me only a little beyond my real deserts, I absorb it, and think you very discriminating; but if you say of me more than my self-conceit can swallow, I find you out as a humbug, and think you must be very blind to my real merits to be obliged to invent imaginary ones."

"One would have to be so, indeed," smiled the Major.

"So in fact," said Lord Clitheroe, "compliment is the radius that measures the sphere of self-conceit."

"Or the plumb-line that sounds its depths," laughed Ada. "But now I must go and dress, or the impatient horses will be pawing the ground before the portal."

The vehicle did not quite come up to Freddy's description, but it was a capacious one.

Mr. Plympton and Mrs. Chesney were soon settled in the back seat, with Lord Clitheroe and Major Bangham opposite to them; Wilfrid mounted the box, and Freddy declared that the rumble suited him best, because he could keep an eye on the whole party, and feel himself in command.

The lodgings were found, surveyed, and taken; the landlady was induced to prepare tea; and while she was making her arrangements, the party went out on the cliffs.

Ada settled Mr. Plympton on cushions in the shade, and sat down by him; Freddy and Lord Clitheroe stretched themselves on the grass beside them; while, to Wilfrid's great surprise, he was taken possession of by Major Bangham, who insisted on his walking out to the end of the "point" to look at the view. This sudden development of energy in one who looked the incarnation of laziness was rather startling, and Wilfrid was not much disposed to respond to the air of chumminess which his new acquaintance at once assumed. For some distance Major Bangham seemed to devote his attention to making himself agreeable; but when they came to the end of the grassy promontory, and, leaning over a bit of rough granite wall, looked down at the brown cliffs and blue sea below, he left off talking, and they smoked in silence.

"He's trotted me out here to say something," meditated Wilfrid, "and now he's bound to say it. Wonder if he's going to ask my leave to propose to my wife. I should think I was the right one to give her away. Well, he's welcome to her for me." Presently the Major began.

"Pretty little woman, your fair relative."

Wilfrid nodded.

"Lots of life about her, and no end of go.

I hate your dead-and-alive beauties, who always want one to be mooning round. I like a woman that makes some stir round her."

"I should not have thought that Mrs. Cheaney's position admitted of her making a stir," answered Wilfrid, coldly.

"That's so; and an abominable shame it is that a woman like her should be in such a position. She might be a duchess from her style; she'd become any position. Even as it is, when she comes into a room, one feels quite different, you know; one isn't bored any more. She's like the brandy in the soda."

Wilfrid ground his teeth, and muttered something that was not heard, and need not be written.

"I don't deny," Major Bangham went on reflectively, "that I'm rather gone on her. You can see that for yourself, and I'm not ashamed of it. But," continued the Major growing still more confidential, "it wasn't exactly for that I wanted to speak to you. I wanted some information. You see, I've an awkwardness about asking herself, and one likes to be on the safe side."

"No doubt the lady's employer was well informed of her antecedents when he engaged her. I should think he was the best person for you to make your inquiries of."

"Never thought I should get any sense out of him, poor old fellow. She turns him round her finger, of course. But here are you, you see, one of the family; and if there's anything shady, I'll just let the matter alone. I've not compromised myself—I always take care of that; and you needn't say anything. If you don't want to answer any questions, we'll say no more about it."

Wilfrid was dismayed at the effect of his silence, and hurried to repair it.

"Not at all, not at all. You've taken me up quite wrongly. I know nothing to her disadvantage, nothing at all, quite the reverse. I only meant that as I had not seen anything of her for some years, I could tell you very little about her affairs, and was not much inclined to interfere in them. You must understand that there isn't the shadow of an imputation upon her in any way."

"Well, that's all right. But the thing I really wanted to ask you is very simple. It's only when your respected father died, and where he was buried. I always like to have these matters quite clear," observed the Major, as if he made a matrimonial contract once a year.

"My father?" Wilfrid stared. He had totally forgotten that he was supposed to be his own son. "He died about six years ago at Bournemouth. Though really, why——"

"That's very satisfactory—very satisfactory indeed. I'm delighted to hear it, and much obliged to you for the information."

"Upon my word, sir, you are somewhat less than polite. I don't know what reason you can have to rejoice over my father's death; and at any rate, I won't have you do it in my presence."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon. It was confoundedly bad form, but for the moment I only looked at it from my point of view. You must make allowances."

"I don't know what your point of view is," returned Wilfrid, glumly, "and I don't want to. But of course, if you apologise that's all about it."

Wilfrid was hesitating between sulks and a cigar outside, and tea and sociability inside, but Ada pressed down the more genial scale. She turned back as the party were filling in at the narrow door-way, and simply said:

"Won't you come too?"

There was appeal in her voice, and forgiveness in her eyes. Wilfrid felt that he needed the latter more than she knew, and he yielded. He melted and expanded under this sunshine, and became a lively member of a lively party, instead of a wet blanket. Major Bangham felt left out, and looked cross. He was mentally concluding that he had been a dunce to say anything to that conceited pill-box, who was evidently trying to cut him out. It was infamous on his part to interfere with a man of his position who had serious intentions; for even if a woman affected by Major Bangham were silly enough to think twice of a travelling apothecary, he couldn't marry his step-mother. However, the young saw-bones (Major Bangham found in his somewhat narrow vocabulary an unexpected wealth of contemptuous terms for his rival) was here to-day, and would be gone to-morrow; while he remained, with his position, and his private fortune, and his irresistible address, and his pleasing personal appearance. He had no doubt whatever of the result, and concluded that he need not disturb himself.

The pleasant meal came to an end, and thoughts of Lady Clitheroe and dinner forbade any further loitering on the cliffs.

"Let me see," he meditated, "I understand the position now, and what that fat fool meant by crowing over the poor old governor's death. I'm my own father—no, I was my own father, and now I'm my own son; and my wife is my step-mother, and also my widow. It's as pretty a mess as ever I saw, but it's none of my making. Ada got us into it, and she may get us out. Not that it matters to me. I suppose the fellow will go now and propose to her, right off he reel. I wonder how often he has squeezed her hand; hang his impudence! But why shouldn't he if she lets him? I should have thought Ada would have taken better care of herself. Of course she likes it; she's an arrant flirt; all women are when they get the chance. I suppose she was flirting at me to-night; but how she does it, the little baggage! She never was so charming when I was married to her. Tell you what, Wilfred Cheaney, the worst danger in all this business is—that you should go and fall in love with your own wife. That would just do for you, when you've got comfortably settled, and she too. You just keep out of the way, and let her manage her own affairs. What does it matter if Bangham does make love to her? She won't commit bigamy. It's only a piece of fun for her, and why shouldn't he come a cropper? It won't hurt him; he's too fat, and too conceited; he'll fall soft. And may I be there to see!"

CHAPTER V.

WILFRID found it considerably easier to make these sensible resolutions than to keep them. When Lady Clitheroe was comfortably installed in her new quarters, at Lord Clitheroe's request Ada called upon her, and they took to each other.

As she was the only lady whom the invalid knew in Guernsey, her help was called for upon a hundred trifling occasions, and it seemed necessary for her to be often at Plaisance Cottage. Mr. Plympton liked it; he enjoyed the little stir, and the object for drives; and he liked the Clitheroes well, and Wilfrid better. The cliffs suited him too, and he would spend hours contentedly upon rugs and cushions, in some nook among the gray dry rocks flecked with rosettes of yellow lichen, dreaming, dozing, or reading in the warm scented air which breathed over the short grass and the aromatic cliff-plants.

It very often happened that Wilfrid would be his companion, while Ada sat with Lady Clitheroe; and the two men, although as different as any two could possibly be, had a liking for each other's society.

Mr. Plympton was not at the time under any regular medical treatment, and he gladly consented to try some suggestions of his new friend. The result was satisfactory, and in consequence Wilfrid took him regularly in hand.

From which it is followed, that besides Ada's coming to see his charge, he went to see hers, and all ideas of keeping out of the way had to be given up.

How did it fare then with the other and more important resolution—not to fall in love with her? Well, Wilfrid flattered himself that he was keeping it bravely.

He met her constantly, that was inevitable,—and after all, he thought it was the best plan.

He did not sulk at her, and she did not flirt at him; they met as friends, among friends. When he went out for a long day's fishing with Freddy or some of his set, and caught himself wondering again and again if Ada were at Plaisance Cottage while he was away,—it was only because he was anxious that Lady Clitheroe should have some experienced friend with her, in case that she had one of her "attacks."

If the days were long when he did not see her, it was only because Guernsey was a dull little hole, and he felt bored there, as anyone else would.

His pulse did not quicken when she appeared; he never felt the least inclination to kiss her, or treasure up a scrap of her handwriting.

These were the sort of things fellows did who were in love; he didn't want to do them, so it was clear that he was not in love, nor going to be.

He very seldom saw her in company with Major Bangham, who did not love him, and avoided him when possible,—or perhaps his composure might not have been so complete.

For every idle afternoon that the Major did not devote to improving Lord Clitheroe's acquaintance brought him to the door of Mr. Plympton's house, generally with offerings of flowers; and the motive of his siege became sufficiently obvious to frighten Ada.

She had played with her pseudo-widowhood, and used it half as a joke, half as a shield, not knowing herself what she meant and drawn on partly by fun and partly by the force of circumstances.

But that she, a married woman, a wife (as she now was keenly conscious, in spite of her strange position), should be seriously made love to, was an insult to which she had never dreamed of exposing herself.

And that it should be done almost under her husband's eyes was simply odious.

"What must he think of me?" she asked herself bitterly again and again. The easy and friendly terms on which they now were sometimes soothed and sometimes stung her.

They seemed to prove that he trusted her in spite of all; and then again, might they not mean that he had expected nothing better of her, and cared not how she bore herself? At any rate, the only thing to be done was to repel Major Bangham's advances with all possible decision, and try and hurt his pride.

But unluckily it was not possible for Major Bangham to believe for a moment that Mrs. Cheaney meant to refuse him.

When he found that she was seldom to be seen, and that when he did see her, she was cool and reticent instead of being lively and fascinating,—he only concluded that his attentions had become too marked for her to receive without compromising herself, until she was sure of his meaning.

"Very right, too," he soliloquised. "Poor little thing, in her position she can't be too careful. I like her all the better for it, but I'll put her out of pain as soon as possible. Besides, this sort of thing is a horrid nuisance. I can't go on sitting upon a chair with my stick between my legs, talking to that old fool. The very first chance I get I'll just put my arm round her pretty little waist, and ask her to be Mrs. B."

Opportunities, however, are slow of coming when some one is always on the watch to stave them off, and Major Bangham found it necessary to make one.

He paid yet another visit, in which he succeeded in finding Mr. Plympton at home, and Ada could not abandon him.

So he leaned back in a chair for half-an-hour, and gazed at Ada, and from time to time smiled quietly at her, as she sat stitching and making conversation, until she was driven to desperation.

When he at last uncrossed his legs, and lifted himself from his chair, she felt too angry to shake hands, and was going to let him depart with a bow. But he came close to her, sidled in between her and Mr. Plympton, and held out three fingers persistently.

She was obliged to let him touch her hand, and then felt that that he was holding it tight, mumbling it with his fingers, and trying to work something into it,—like a nervous man with a doctor's fee, only that the doctor generally co-operates to make things easy.

Ada would not co-operate, and the something dropped between them on the carpet. It was a little metal tube of some sort.

"You have dropped something, Major Bangham," she remarked, innocently.

"Oh, ah, yes," he said in a flurry, stooping to look for it. It was close to Ada's foot, and she made a slight movement, which swept the flounce of her dress over it.

"I don't see it," he said. "It must have fallen here. I wouldn't have it lost on any account." Ada moved politely out of his way, carrying the article with her.

"Ring for Jane, my dear," suggested Mr. Plympton. "It may have gone under the fender. Was it a pencil-case?"

"Ah; no, please don't ring," said the Major, getting down on his knees with difficulty, and peering under the fender. "It—it wasn't exactly a pencil-case; it was a new kind of pen. I brought it for Mrs. Cheaney to try; ladies are such letter-writers."

"Was it anything like this?" asked Ada, with eyes full of mischief, holding up two ordinary barrel-pens, with the nib of one inserted under that of another, so as to make a tube.

Major Bangham looked up on all-fours, very red in the face indeed. When he recognised his property, he scrambled to his feet.

"Yes, yes; that's it. It doesn't matter. Just try them, and if they suit you, you know, I can get you some more. Very much obliged, I'm sure. Sorry to have disturbed you, sir."

He extricated himself from the room somehow, in a state of incoherency which was so uncommon with him as to excite Mr. Plympton's curiosity.

"Our friend seemed strangely excited about his pens," he observed. "What is there remarkable about them, my dear?"

"Nothing at all, I think," answered Ada, who had meantime pulled them apart, and found inside a piece of thin paper tightly rolled up, which she promptly dropped into her work-box. "Externally, they seem the usual pen of the period. Perhaps Major Bangham has discovered that he can spell with them, and so considers that they must be a boon and a blessing to men."

When Ada had an opportunity of twisting and deciphering the missive thus curiously delivered, she found the following:

"DEAREST MRS. CHEANEY,—Why this coldness? I can never now win a glance of affection, or a word of encouragement. Alas, how changed! Do you mistrust my intentions? They are all that you can desire. Ah, be no longer coy! I shall be at church on Sunday morning, and will wait for you. Then let me have the word or the sign that I long for and you will be wholly mine.

"Ever thy adoring "B."

That day was Friday, and Ada promptly determined to abandon her usual place of worship on the following Sunday; but matters were otherwise decided for her.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

HOW TO BE POPULAR.—Nothing can be more certain than that the happier, the luckier, the better dressed and the gayer you are, the more people like you. In romance you can throw yourselves into people's arms and tell them all your woes; but in real life you can't do it.

It is not that society does not wish to have the miserable in it, so much as that sad people are out of place there. A merry voice, a smiling face, a habit of praising the world rather than blaming it, makes anyone acceptable. People who can set others laughing are popular. On the whole, no doleful person need to expect sympathy; it is too troublesome. Woe-begone folks are not wanted. Even strong feeling, deep thought, or fervid sentiment is troublesome in society. Light talk, agreeable chat, subjects that cannot hurt anybody's feelings, are desired.

If you can manage to be amusing without being satirical, interested in everything that is said without being personal, and to dress with good taste, even if you are poor, you will be popular. We are not sure that it is worth while to win what is neither love nor interest, but it is better than to be unpopular. And, in any event, the "doldrums," the exhibition of your empty purse broken heart or poor health, will be against you.

When you have to be wretched—as, if you own a heart, you must—go away by yourself and cry. If you are poor, take your poverty into a dark corner where nobody will see it. And when you can no longer be well, go away and suffer in silence. As a general thing, all that people want of you is to amuse them in some way; and if, in all the world, you have one friend who truly sympathises with you in joy and in sorrow, you have a rarer thing than the phœnix. At all events, remember that you cannot be mean yourself and be popular, even among your own next of kin.

M. S

Scientific and Useful.

WATER.—Drinking water, says a hygienic writer, may be tested in this simple way: "Fill a pint bottle three-quarters full of the water. Dissolve in it one half-teaspoonful of the best white sugar. Set it away in a warm place for forty-eight hours. If the water becomes cloudy it is unfit to drink."

THE DEAD.—A French chemist proposes to dispose of the bodies of the dead by rubbing them over with a solution of plumbagine, and then exposing them to a bath of zinc, copper, or even silver or gold. The body is thus preserved at a much less cost than that of embalming. If necessary, the bath can be prolonged till the corpse is as hard as granite, and thus every dead man of eminence might be his own statue.

RAGS AND SUGAR.—A German manufactory is turning out daily a ton of glucose made from old linen rags. These rags, which are composed of hard vegetable fibres, are treated with sulphuric acid which converts them into dextrine, and by another process thence into glucose. The process is said to be a very cheap one, and the glucose is chemically identical with grape-sugar. A strong outcry, however, has risen against it.

AN ADJUSTABLE MIRROR.—An adjustable mirror has been patented by an inhabitant of Charlestown, Mass. This invention covers the use of a specially contrived frame for holding the mirror, and in which the mirror can be readily adjusted and held in any desired position, for use of either tall or short people, or for children sitting on the floor, so that mirrors of medium size may be made more useful than large mirrors as ordinarily hung.

CARRIER PIGEONS.—A Reading doctor has adopted a novel plan by which he communicates with his patients outside the city. He has several trained carrier pigeons. These he takes with him, and when he has a severe case leaves one, with instructions that in case he is wanted quickly all the friends have to do is to tie a note to one of the pigeon's legs and let it fly. In this way he frequently receives messages from his patients as to their condition.

GAS FROM OIL AND WATER.—Illuminating gas of superior quality is now made from petroleum oil mixed with water, and both decomposed in a retort. The gases liberated are then washed in a closed tank of cast-iron, and led to the holder where they are stored. In this holder is deposited a residue which is found useful for staining wood besides yielding benzole. Air is added to the gas in the proportions of three of air to one of gas. The gas is stated to be of 21-candle power, and to cost about 40 cents per 1,000 cubic feet for manufacture. It is free from sulphur, which is a great merit, and gives a good light, while giving off very little carbonic acid. It is a healthier gas than that usually made from coal, and flowers do not seem to droop where it is burnt.

Farm and Garden.

THE DEVONS make the best oxen for farm work, being quick, strong and intelligent.

TREES.—In selecting trees give preference to those with smooth, healthy-looking bark, which have entirely shed their leaves, and have plenty of small fibrous roots. Trees on which the leaves remain after first frost sets in and stick to the branches in the spring may be regarded as not happy.

BUTTER.—To get the best flavor to butter feed a fair proportion of corn meal, and vary the diet with ground oats, middlings and bran, using the whole mixed with plenty of good clover hay. A proportion of linseed meal, with ensilage or roots, will also be found beneficial. The best method of feeding, however, will not avail unless there is proper management in the dairy.

SHELTER.—Sometime during the summer or fall, if it has not already been done, prepare shelter to which all the hogs can have access during the winter. The sows are then carrying their pigs and have not only to sustain their own systems and keep in flesh, but as well to nourish and sustain the coming brood. To expose them to the extreme cold and provide no other shelter than what they can find in the lee of a rail fence or barn is to exhaust much of the r vital energy to supply animal heat; hence many broods come too weak to live, and the hog crop is a comparative failure.

DRAINAGE.—Drainage deepens the staple soil, so that superfluous water more readily leaves it; the roots of the grasses more easily penetrate, their feeding-ground being by this means extended and the formation of those injurious chemical compounds which are found in stagnant water is prevented. By a greater depth of mold and more perfect disintegration the soil has an increased power of retaining moisture in dry weather, and has also a greater capacity for manurial matters. The temperature of the soil, and consequently that of the surrounding atmosphere, is raised. By draining mossy and rushy lands may be converted into valuable pastures, rendering them fit for the reception of the seeds of the finest grasses, but which, without such a preparation, it would be comparatively useless to sow.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 29, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously inefaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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"While the Sun Shines."

A proverb has been defined as "a saying without an author," and we cannot give our authority for the maxim above. But these proverbs, and hundreds of others in all nations, are little gems of truth. Bacon declared that the genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs; and there is no doubt that a proverb will often strike home when a sermon will fail of application. The varied ingredients which go to make up a proverb may be compared to the mixture required for a salad. The true attributes—the main ingredients—of your proverb ought to be in shortness, sense, and seasoning or "salt." Our old divines used proverbs, and in the Gospel we frequently find proverbs (common sayings) addressed to the poor by our Lord, for He knew that they would readily comprehend His meaning when expressed in customary phrases. Now, among the many maxims of our tongue, there is no proverb with a more truly American flavor about it than that quoted above. "Make hay while the sun shines." Yes, it is all very well. Anyone can make hay while the sun shines, and unless ensilage overcome our ordinary grass-preserving operations, we shall hope to have hay made in our meadows for many a year. But there is another side to the pleasant picture of hay-making in joyous weather, when Sol is bright and cloudless, when the air is heavy with perfume, and all the birds are singing. The laziest can make hay under such circumstances, in the sweet companionship of Phyllis, whose blushing face is screened by the dainty wide-brimmed hat, while the rake (the hay-rake, we mean) lies idly against her shoulder, while you are "making hay"—pressing your suit—begging for an answer that sweet summer day all amid the hay. There is much hay to make, and much hay made in this world of ours; but, alas! hay of a very bad and a very injurious kind, as well as the pure, healthy smelling hay of honesty and truth, gathered in the fields of labor. Moreover, we all have our chances for the hay-making. It is no use to say that our life has been all shade and no sun—that the crop we would have turned over and carried safe to our homestead was not ripened. Such an excuse will benefit no one. We have had our sunny days, and it is our own fault if we have not profited. Young men and young women, in all relations of life, have had their hay-making time. Was it an offer of employment or of wedlock; of a "chance," as we mortals regard it—a decree of Providence, as it really is. We ought to take up the work when we see the clouds breaking, if not before. Not much use to wait indoors until the sun has done shining. It may be only a transient gleam, indeed, and our preparations may be in vain; but the clouds will roll away—the sun will shine. It is no use to sit idly in the corner and expect the hay to make itself while we brood upon the future. While we say, "Make hay while the sun shines," we also say, "Prepare for a rainy day," and feel confident that if you act honestly, and endeavor to seize the opportunity, the day will come when the sun will shine brightly upon your efforts, and you will carry home the full load, with a good prospect of a happy aftermath. We must not forget, however, that there is a reverse to this picture. We may make hay that will prove rotten. The sun may shine, as we believe, upon our hay-making, whatever form it may take; and yet the crops may contain weeds and thistles, and gain us no credit when the load is examined. We can produce bad hay as well as good hay. The sun shines upon the just and the unjust. So may, perchance, our aftermath be wanting, even though we regarded the letter (though not the spirit) of the proverb which bids us "Make hay while the sun shines." The late Charles Dickens, in one of his essays, tells us of a touching little episode—how he once came upon an old man and an old woman making hay in a city churchyard: "Gravely among the graves they made hay all alone by themselves"—looking like Time and his wife. "There was but one rake between them, and they held it in a pastorally loving manner; and there was hay on the old woman's black bonnet, as if the old man"—a quite obsolete old man—"had recently been playful." This making of hay on a Saturday evening was a curious experience. Yet the knee-breeched old man, and the old woman with the mittens, under that "three yards and a half of darkening sky," convey to us, as in a picture, the moral that happiness—the making of our hay—is not always dependent on the shining sun, nor upon our physical surroundings. What more unlikely place for hay-making than a city churchyard! What unexpected opportunities for making hay may come upon us! Let us take care that we meet them in the proper spirit.

Taken for Granted.

One of the surest ways of producing confusion and annoyance, is to allow one's self to form the habit of taking things for granted. The habit is very easily acquired, and is such a natural result of the lack of thoughtfulness, that many, while suffering from its consequences, are unconscious of the habit. It is self-evident that one who supposes the case, nine times out of ten, cannot be relied upon in any enterprise of importance, and thus becomes so inefficient as to be unable to fulfil his obligations acceptably to others or with credit to himself, being constant sources of annoyance to others and inconvenience to himself. A fair share of enemies are made by slights or misinterpretations of careless remarks, which, if carefully considered, would save much disquietude and ill-will. Not only in social life, but in business, is this habit damaging, causing the ruin and downfall of otherwise promising enterprises. Even into every-day life this habit introduces itself. A lack of energy, and too great a reliance on others' forethought, causes many scenes of domestic confusion and petty vexations, not only to the delinquents, but to the whole household. Is it surprising that this habit, formed at home, should be found among the scenes of active life? Opinions being formed from conjectures and surmises, instead of being founded on rational inference, is it surprising that energies are misdirected, and so many life-failures are seen? See the evidences of disaster strewn along the path of the thoughtless, seeming not unlike the track of a retreating and vanquished army. Surmises and suppositions cannot fill the place of opinions formed by penetration and discernment. A man of penetration is as slow to decide as he is quick to apprehend, calmly and deliberately weighing every opposite reason that is offered, and tracing it with a most judicious penetration. All these one must possess to have the judgment of Plutarch, to discriminate between right and wrong; while, to have the clear perception of Goethe, one must be willing to breathe a foreign atmosphere, and, freed from prejudice, feel the inspiration of other scenes and conditions. If, in fact, we wish our life structure to be perfect, we must give it our personal care, lest, while we sit with folded hands and placid minds, the tottering structure over us falls with crushing violence to the earth, burying us amid the ruins.

THE woman who is always well and neatly dressed is able to exercise a greater influence for good than one who is the reverse. The well-dressed woman is more attractive to the eye, and the eye is one of the main avenues to the heart. Other things being equal, her influence is more potent than her neighbor's, whose reputation of dressing "just as it happens" at home, in some indefinable way casts a shade over whatever virtue she may possess. A woman neatly dressed is ready for emergencies. The chance caller and the unexpected guest find her ready to receive them. But perhaps the greatest necessity for looking well at home exists in the home itself. To the members of our own family circle we owe the first duty. A tidy, well-arranged home is very inviting to a tired man, and the charm is heightened if she who presides over the home is neat and tidy also. And perhaps some who are ever studying the subject of how to keep the boys at home in the evening would find the problem half solved if they gave a proper amount of attention to home-dress.

ACCURATE fitting of the parts of a machine, says a living divine, is not all that is needed. Oil is required. Our life-functions bring us together, our movements and doings working together. Something is needed to make all work smoothly together. Good manners, courtesy, pleasant behavior, is this oil which is needed. Some say, What have we to do with good manners between master and workman? Every creaking bearing in the social machine means loss of power. All heating and friction must be avoided. "Fair words butter no parsnips" is an old adage. But they do much in a house of business where the clerks are attentive and obliging. Customers will be more likely to come. So in all things. The faculty of mastership is largely behavior. The man on a committee who is courteous is worth two who are not. Courteous manners and fair words, if they do not put money in the pocket sweeten life and make it more endurable.

WHEN a person is markedly deficient in any virtue that we are accustomed to prize highly, we straightway jump to the conclusion that there can be nothing good or admirable in the whole character. This is a fallacy which is most unjust and injurious. There is always something, and generally much to respect and approve in those whom we criticise, and we should be far more usefully occupied in discovering this than in laying bare and analysing faults. It is the virtues in which we ourselves are deficient, and therefore which we hold in light esteem, which constitute the leading points in their character, and until we learn to respect them and give them due weight we are utterly unable to understand them and, of course, to judge correctly

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HE that has never changed any of his opinions has never corrected any of his mistakes, and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will assuredly not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

The World's Happenings.

Brazil has still 1,000,000 slaves.

Georgia boasts of twenty-pound canteloupes.

One Lynn, Mass., shoe manufacturer turns out 6,000 pairs daily.

A boy who remained in the water several hours at Oceanside, San Diego county, Cal., has lost his reason.

The annual earnings of 1,200,000 domestic servants in this country are estimated at about $216,000,000.

A well-trained menagerie elephant is worth $30,000 to $40,000, though in Ceylon the beast cost perhaps $1,000.

The thirty-eight States of the Union contain 2,200 counties. Texas leads off with 151, and Georgia follows with 127.

An Italian, living in Louisiana, was bitten by a fly the other day, and died while en route to New Orleans for treatment.

A hen in Newburyport, Mass., has taken possession of a litter of kittens, and refuses to allow the old cat to come near them.

A rock, so large and so formed that it is often used as a dancing platform by pic-nic parties, is situated near Yorktown, N. Y.

The unusual spectacle of twin sister nurses having in charge twin infants is attracting attention at Cape May, where the party is stopping.

Josiah Harper, an Otsego county, N. Y., farmer, hid five hundred dollars under his potato-bin, and the rats carried off all but ten dollars.

A little girl in Milford, Mass., who didn't have $2 with which to pay her fine, is in jail for thirty days for stealing a quart of blackberries.

It is advised that, in case of the appearance of cholera, all water and milk used for domestic purposes or for drinking, be first thoroughly boiled.

French railways annually kill one passenger in every 2,000,000 carried; English railways, one in 5,250,000; Belgian, one in 9,000,000; Prussian, one in 21,500,000.

It is considered unlucky in Florida to be the first person buried in a new cemetery, as the deaths of the remaining members of the same family will soon follow.

It is said that in the works of Shakespeare there are more than five hundred and fifty quotations, allusions, references and sentiments derived from the Scriptures.

Recently, the high pontificial mass was celebrated in Copenhagen for the first time since the days of the Reformation, such a service having heretofore been forbidden by law.

A negro thief at Fort Gaines, Ga., stole a horse-collar from a white neighbor's stable, and then returned and borrowed a pair of mules to work on the stolen articles of harness.

The story comes from Spain that cases of premature burial are numerous in the cholera districts, owing to the eagerness of the people to be rid of the infected bodies of sufferers.

W. R. Farr, a white resident of Raymond, Miss., has been sent to the penitentiary for nine years for marrying a colored woman. The woman got off with a three years sentence.

A four-footed bird is found on the Island of Marago, at the mouth of the Amazon. In time one pair of the legs are changed into wings by so singular a process as that which makes the tadpole a frog.

A hand-organ grinder, whose instrument refused to pour out music at the turn of the crank, tried to commit suicide in Memphis, Miss., the other day. A policeman saved him, and the organ was repaired.

A sewer is the place in which a Macon, Ga., dog has spent his days for several years past. He seldom leaves his curious abode until darkness has set in, when a tour of the city for something to eat is made.

A young man dressed in a bathing suit and seated on a front lawn with the spray from a garden sprinkler coming down on him, was the sight which New Haven, Conn., church-goers beheld on a recent Sunday.

A swiftly-thrown base-ball, which a New Haven, Connecticut, lad attempted to catch, lately, slipped through his hands, and, striking him in the stomach, caused injuries that resulted in his death a day or two ago.

The members of a colored church at Quitman, Ga., undertook to smoke the fleas out of the sacred edifice with a straw fire, by way of preparation for a revival meeting. They got rid of the fleas—likewise of the church.

A "buckshot prescription" is the term employed by druggists where the doctor does not seem quite sure of his case, but puts several drugs into the dose in the hope that some one of them will strike the right spot.

An Oregon man who broke his nose when a boy while playing base-ball, and again a few years ago by falling from his horse, has had it broken a third time by his two-year-old child suddenly hitting it a blow with his head.

Odd names are much thought of by a Madison county, Fla., man who has named his five children as follows: Mexico Maximillian, Dumas Don Quixote, Equador Arascetier, Marianne Calvin Peacock, Hortense Cinderella.

Among the remarkable stories which Georgia has put forth recently, is one to the effect that a jet black kitten turned perfectly gray in a few months from grief, occasioned from having become separated from a number of children.

To keep postage-stamps in the pocket or memorandum book without sticking, a New Orleans post-office clerk advises people to rub the sticky side over the hair two or three times. The oil of the hair coats the mucilage and prevents it from sticking.

There is a flourishing school at Fleetwood, Ga. The teacher is W. A. Rogers, the tax-collector. A remarkable thing is that in a school of seventy-one pupils each and every one is related to the teacher and to each other. Only one of the scholars is over fifteen years of age.

GROWING OLD.

BY A. Y. B.

Growing old? The pulse's measure
  Keeps its even tenor still;
Eye and hand nor fail nor falter,
  And the brain obeys the will;
Only by the whitening tresses,
  And the deepening wrinkles told,
Youth has passed away like vapor;
  Prime is gone, and I grow old.

Laughter hushes at my presence,
  Gay young voices whisper lower,
If I dare to linger by it,
  All the stream of life runs slower.
Though I love the mirth of children,
  Though I prize youth's virgin gold,
What have I to do with either?
  Time is telling—I grow old.

Not so dread the gloomy river
  That I shrank from so of yore;
All my first of love and friendship
  Gather on the further shore.
Were it not the best to join them
  Ere I feel the blood run cold?
Ere I hear it said too harshly:
  "Stand back from us—you are old!"

Luck.

BY JAMES E. MEARS.

THERE are few more hideous parts of the world than the country known as Griqualand West, celebrated, as the school books have it, for its diamonds.

In this weary land the traveller may go on day by day outspanning at evening in just the same dreary waste velt in which he unspanned at morning, until he almost forgets that the world is not one endless series of rolling, burnt-up flats with ridges of table-topped hills in the distance, the last just like the one before it.

Still there are spots on the banks of the Vaal River which runs through this territory that have a soft beauty of their own, all the more fascinating because of their contrast with the desert ugliness of the country—places where the traveler longs to settle down and live the rest of his days doing some slight work well paid by kind nature, forgetting the troublesome, distant world.

Moonlight Rush is perhaps the fairest of these silent river nooks.

To Rush the waters of the Vaal River there runs down a wooded gully, gay with flowering bushes and shadowed by wide spreading trees, lying under which one can enjoy the glorious South African climate without suffering from the sun which beats down so cruelly on the plains beyond, while at one's feet the Vaal River quietly flows in a noble reach.

Once this was the new rush, when one moonlight night the news of the quantities in which diamonds were to be found there spread like wild-fire around the river camps, and crowds of diggers snatched up their picks and shovels and rough provision for a week or two, and left their camp fires, eager to get a claim in the new diggings, where they were at last to strike a fortune.

Its history was like that of other river camps, only the diamonds found there, at first were more plentiful, and are said to have been of better average quality; but they became fewer and fewer, and the diggers, party by party, either left for new dry digging, which afterwards became the wonderful diamond mines of South Africa, or wandered away to other river camps, until the place was quite deserted, and the rock hares sported over the grass-grown claims, and the snakes, who had found the place too lively for them, sneaked back to make their homes in the ruined hovels put up by sanguine diggers who had believed in the future of Moonlight, and had shown their faith by plunging into building to the extent of houses built with boulders and thatched with rushes.

Still from time to time diggers who had found well at Moonlight in its palmy days, or had heard of the wonderful stones which had been found there, came back to try their luck either in sorting the *debris* for the gems which the greedy diggers in those good flush times threw away in their haste, or in working the less promising ground which was left untouched.

But since those old days no one had done much; diggers had lingered on there, and persuaded themselves into believing in it because they liked the place, for the charm of nature has a strange influence over many a rough mind which knows little of culture or art jargon.

But most of them, after working for months, had to tell the diggers' oft-told tale of "we are not making tucker, let alone wages," and had to drag their small stock in trade of tools off to some other digging, or had given up the river as a bad game, and had gone to work as overseer for wages in the mines.

Now there are two tents almost hidden in the bushes by the river bank.

One of them is lit up, though it is long past the time when diggers are usually asleep.

Its occupant, as you would know if you ever had come across that peculiar type of man, a class recruited from all grades of society, forming a distinct class of its own, is a digger.

If you look at him carefully you might guess that he was, or had been, an English gentleman of good birth and breeding, and if you talked with him you would be sure of it. He is stretched across the tent on a mattress; by his side there are several tattered volumes, "Vanity Fair," "Elia," some of Bret Harte's books and Whyte Melville's "Bones and I," and a crumpled home letter.

He is not reading, however, and has not been some time, but has been thinking far more seriously than he, Charlie Hetherington, often thinks.

It is quite an orthodox time for a little self-retrospection, for he has found out after much calculation it is the last night of the Old Year, and he is seeing the New Year in, as many a man may well do, thinking over the years of his life he has already lived and how he has spent them.

Where will he be this time next year? What sort of a year will it be for him he wonders.

Well, pretty much the same as the last year or two. Last year he was at "Bad Hope," digging with his old chum, Jack Heathcote, who has just left him and given up the off-chance of the river for the certainty of some pay in the Mounted Police.

They were finding fairly well, but their finds melted away before the claim was worked out, at least most of them did, though there would have been something left if they had not been fools and had that spree at Kimberley Races. The year before he was up country digging for gold in the deadly Kaarp Valley.

Perhaps he will go there again, and he smiles as he thinks that if he is again tempted to play that game of trespassing on Tom Tiddler's ground, fever may catch him, and keep him as it caught so many of his chums there.

What a fool he has been; what a mess he has made of his life.

Ten years ago, he who now is only a digger just as old David Miller is, though he is not half as good with the pick and shovel as the old man who can hardly read or write, had just left school for college, full of hope and promise.

What a jolly time that year at Cambridge was; but what a young fool he had been to run up all those bills, and to live with the fast, noisy lot instead of the steady-going set who were just as good fellows after all. How well he remembers that supper party which was so fatal to him.

It had been in a rich fellow-commoner's room, and a good many bottles had been emptied, and they were all just ripe for mischief, when Jack Deverel suggested the brilliant idea of having songs, and a camp fire on the college grass plot.

They had proceeded at once to carry out the suggestion, their host, who was placidly intoxicated, blandly approving at the sacrifice of his household goods in defiance of college discipline, when it was proposed that his chairs should be used for firewood.

The fire was lit, and the fun around it was fast and furious until the college tutor made his appearance, as he naturally did.

The dons were only too glad to make a clean sweep of the rowdy lot in the college, and about ten of them were sent down the next morning.

Some of them cared very little for that. Jack Deverel got his majority the other day, and the fellow-commoner who gave the supper party is member for his county, but poor Charlie Hetherington was the earthern pot between the brazen ones, and that little trouble ended in his leaving England for South Africa, with his passage paid and fifty pounds in his pocket.

Well, and a good chance he had had on the fields, too, if he had only been wise. What a lot of diamonds he used to get in that half-claim of his number five road.

The other day it was sold for over ten thousand; but he had been sold up and had to let it go for a few hundreds after he struck a bad layer.

He would have been able to have worked the bad layer though if he had saved the money he made first, instead of gambling it away, backing the nine, the ace, and the knave at Asher's saloon.

Since he sold his claim in the mine he has lived the roving hand-to-mouth life of a river digger, with very little capital beyond his pick and shovel, and his reputation with the storekeepers of being a straight man, who would always pay when he found.

Not a bad life either he would think at any other time, for the Bohemianism of a digger is ingrained in him. He likes the free and easy life, the absence from restraint or dependence on any one else, but just now he is out of spirits.

He has not found for months; he misses his old partner, and at present he has no boys working for him, in fact he would find it very difficult to pay them any wages if he had, so he can get through but very little work.

To-night home memories are thick upon him, and he longs to be in England again, and to see well remembered places and faces.

The crumpled letter by his side is from home; it is from his sister in England.

She tell him that she has been staying at the little village in Somersetshire, where he once went to with a reading party, and that she had met the parson's daughter there, who had asked so much after him. How well he remembers that reading party.

Does the message in his sister's letter mean that she still cares for him? She has not married then.

That boy and girl engagement was perfectly absurd of course, but he knows that they were quite in earnest while it lasted, and after all if he had taken his degree instead of being sent down in disgrace, they probably would have been married.

For a minute or two he pictures himself as a staid curate or vicar dressed in decent black garment, instead of in moleskin and a flannel shirt—with a vicarage house to live in, instead of a tent.

Probably she got over it as easily as he did. He was broken-hearted when he got her sad little letter, saying that it must all come to an end, and that her father would not hear of it.

He got over it wonderfully soon though. With his sea-sickness his love-trouble left him in the bay. She probably got over it too, and could laugh at it as he did.

But as he smokes and thinks, he realizes how much happier his life might have been.

How wanting it is in real happiness; why how long is it since he has spoken to any woman more refined than the barmaid of the Vaal Hotel? Should he ever shake the dust of Africa off his boots and go home, or should he be buried there as many a chum of his had been.

It is no good going home dead beat to loaf on his relations; no, it would be better to stay in the country for ever, or to land without a sixpence in some other colony. What bad luck he has always had.

The men who make money may say what they like, but it is almost all luck after all, he thinks, as he contrasts his position with that of many another man just as thoughtless and reckless as he who has made a fortune and gone home with it.

Maybe the very next shovel full of gravel he washes may turn his luck, and he thinks of all the big diamonds that have at one time or another been found down the river.

"Bosh, what's the use of thinking," he says to himself; and the end of the candle, which has been growing shorter and shorter, falls to the bottom of the bottle into which he had stuck it, and he is left in the dark to knock out the ashes of his pipe and to curl himself up in his blanket.

It is still enough at Moonlight Rush, and in a few minutes he is asleep and dreaming a queer medley of English and diamond-field scenes.

As he sleeps and dreams he hears a cry of help, repeated again and again. At first it fits in with his dreams, but at last it wakes him up, and he starts up and rushes out of his tent, for he knows what it means.

"By Jove!" he says to himself, "it's old David in the river; he went across to the canteen."

Old David Miller, who inhabits the other tent at Moonlight Rush, is a very taciturn specimen of the Australian digger.

Ever since he has been on the Vaal River he has worked alone, never employing Kaffirs to work for him.

He has been digging at Moonlight for some months, working away, clearing a claim, and has got very little return for the toil to which the heap of sorted gravel and the high bank of boulders, which he has broken and dragged out of the claim, bear witness.

With Charlie Hetherington, he has been for him wonderfully friendly and communicative, that is to say, he has several times come round to his tent and growled out anathemas against South Africa and its inhabitants, contrasting it with Australia and New Zealand, and has afterwards gone on to talk about himself and his belief as to the whereabouts of diamonds.

That afternoon he had started off to visit a canteen, which was about five miles off, on the other side of the river.

It was his custom every now and then to go and have a drink, for though in general one of the soberest and most strenuous of men, he believed that an occasional bout of drinking was good for the system and acted like a change of air.

At intervals he used to indulge in these bouts, at other times he would take no grog at all, only drinking tea—in fact, looking upon strong drink as a medicine, which only ought to be taken in large quantities.

Sometimes these bouts would last for days: sometimes he would suddenly start off from the canteen and stagger off to the river, get into his little tub of a boat and navigate himself across in it, a process which always seemed beset with considerable danger, as the little boat, which the old man had made himself, was a very crank craft, certainly not fit to carry old David after he himself had taken in such a large cargo of whisky.

Before he had started old David had come to Charlie's tent, and invited him to come across for a spell—a course of conduct which was very unusual for him—but Charlie had not accepted his invitation.

Charlie knew that he must have come to grief at last, and as the river was deep and broad, and he remembered that old David had told him that he could not swim a stroke, he looks forward to having a tough job.

It is for South Africa a darkish night, and again and again, as he runs along the bank peering into the river, he thinks he sees something in the water, but the object turns out to be a snag, or a mass of weed.

At last he makes out a paddle floating down; then he comes to an upturned boat, and then he sees, or thinks he sees, something rise and sink again.

In a second or two he is in the water, and he swims to where he saw the object, and he dives down.

As he dives he finds himself caught in a mass of the Vaal River weed, which clings round him like a net, and seems to drag him down in its deadly clutch.

For a moment he struggles wildly, and as he struggles he gets more and more entangled.

He gets back his presence of mind in a second or two, before it is too late, and then humoring the weed and not struggling against it, he manages to free himself from it, reaches what he dived for, and brings it to the top.

Then slowly and painfully swimming as if he was nearly exhausted—now struggling to free himself from weeds, and now struggling to drag it along—he gets it to the bank, dragging a mass of weed with it.

So nearly done was he that for a second or two he lies on the bank by the side of what he has dragged out, getting back his breath before he is sure that it is old David Miller's body, which he has pulled out, covered with weeds and slime, from the bottom of the river.

Then he sets about doing his best to restore the body to life. There is no help at hand, for they were the only inhabitants of Moonlight, and even the nearest Kaffir huts are miles off.

Luckily he remembers a bottle of Cape Smoke in his tent, so he goes and gets it, takes some himself, and tries in vain to force some down the old man's throat.

He seems to remember a dozen conflicting directions as to how one ought to set about to recover the drowned, and he does his best to bring back life to the body he has rescued, but it is of no use—the heart does not beat, the life does not come back.

Old David must have been some time in the water before he got to where he was, and then he was struggling in the weeds for some time before he got him out.

His help has come too late, and when the day breaks, it breaks upon old David's dead body. Poor old chap, he has growled his last growl against South Africa, and has seen his last year out in the country.

Charlie carries the body into the tent, covers it up, shuts up the tent as much as he can, and is about to walk off to Gong-Gong, the large camp of the river diggings, where there is a police inspector and magistrate, to whom he can report the death.

He remembers, however, before he starts that he ought not to leave Moonlight Rush before he sees whether there is anything of value that had belonged to the old man which ought to be looked after—there was little enough most probably. But perhaps there were one or two diamonds, as a result for all the work he had done during the last months, or some few coins, but his visit to the canteen probably diminished them.

So Charlie went back to the tent to make some sort of inventory. Of property there was little enough, two or three blankets, a few old garments, a saucepan or two, a kettle, and some mealy meal, was about all he had besides the clothes he wore and his gear for digging and sorting.

The old man had been dressed in a pair of cord trousers and a woolen shirt, round his waist he has a leathern digger's belt, and stowed away in the belt Charlie finds a purse.

There is no money in the purse, but there are two small diamonds worth three or four pounds. There is something else in the purse wrapped up in a rag, which Charlie takes up, and as he unwraps it he sees something that makes him start with surprise.

It is a diamond, and such a diamond as diggers may dream of but few diggers ever see. He almost thinks it is the finest stone in the world.

No wonder old David looked rather queer that afternoon when he came to his claim and asked him to cross over with him and go to the canteen. There was some occasion for this unwonted generosity which Charlie had not accepted.

"What luck," Charlie thinks. Fortune had played another of the strange tricks she loves to play.

Old David never wanted more than a few pounds, and has often been without them, and now just when it was his fate to want no more he finds this splendid prize.

What will happen to the diamond; whom will it enrich, now that the lucky digger who found it has gone to where there is no more luck?

Charlie remembers that old David once told him that he had neither kith nor kin whom he knew of.

Well, the stone would probably go to the government, or to enrich lawyers who reap the rich harvest of actions over it, or to some peasant at home, who would be proved to be old David's next-of-kin, though he had as little to do with the old man as if he had lived in another world.

He remembered that some days before they had talked about digging together. If they had only come to terms then, he would have had his share of this find.

Why it would be absurd to let the diamond do no one any good. Had he not done his best to save the old man and risked his life, and nearly lost it amongst the weeds?

Would it not be throwing away his good luck if he did not keep the treasure-trove which was his by natural right if not by law?

How much that stone meant to him. It must be worth many thousand pounds, as much money as any diamond.

With the money he could get for it he could go home, not as an unsuccessful prodigal, but as a prosperous man come back to live the pleasant life of an English gentleman.

With the money he could get he could start in any career he liked to chose, and he half believed that he could succeed.

How many men did he know would let such a chance go. How sick he is of his hopeless, wandering life; how often he has longed for civilization and refinement again.

A few more years of the life he has been leading and he will be fit for nothing else.

Now he has just lived away long enough to return with a keen zest. If he kept the stone no one would know that he did not find it in his claim.

He has to decide one way or the other, and he does decide.

He ties the big diamond up in his handkerchief and puts it into his pocket, takes the purse with the two small diamonds in it with him, and crossing the river, he starts off for the camp where he can report the death.

On his way he has to pass the road-side

canteen where old David had spent his last evening.

The proprietor of it has just opened the place, so he goes in and orders some breakfast, and as he eats it he tells the landlord of the fate of his guest of the night before.

The landlord did not seem to waste much pity on old David, who at times was a troublesome customer.

"What, he got drowned, did he? I always said he would some day, and I advised him not to cross last night, but he was a bit queer in his temper. He wanted me to stick up a drink, but I said it was against the rules. I knew he had spent his last sixpence and was better without one. I 'spect he ain't left a very big estate?"

"No, he hasn't, poor old chap," said Charlie: "here are his finds," showing the two small diamonds. As he did this he wondered whether he looked strange and guilty.

"Hullo, Charlie, my boy, how are you? A happy New Year to you," said a man dressed in a mounted policeman's uniform, who had just come in. It was Charlie's old friend and partner, Jack Heathcote. Jack was as good a fellow as every lived and as true a friend, but for the first time in his life Charlie did not feel best pleased to see him. "What's the matter, Charlie?" Jack adds, as he notices a rather downcast look in his friend's face, "you seem a bit down on your luck."

"I have had rather a trying night of it," answered Charlie, and he told how his neighbor old David had come to his death, and what a near thing he had of it amongst the weeds; but there was one part of the story which he kept to himself.

He didn't say anything about the big diamond, though he produced the two little ones, and asked Jack as he was going into the camp to report the death, and give them up to the authorities.

"All right, I will report the death," Jack said. "But cheer up, old boy, poor old David hadn't much to live for after all, and you seem to have done your best to save him. Let us have a split and drink luck to the New Year. It is about time you and I had a turn of luck, but it seems never to come to honest men in this cursed country. Well, may we get out of it somehow or the other before next New Year's Day. May you find a 'big 'un.'"

Jack emptied his glass, and getting on his horse, which was tied up outside, started for Gong-Gong, and Charlie stood on the stoop of the canteen looking after his friend.

"He may well wish me a happy New Year; it will be a happy one if money can make me happy. I shall be able to clear out of the country pretty soon now. I wonder what old Jack would say if I told him about it? Why, he would say that I was right of course: he is not a fool. I don't know though."

Charlie had half a mind to tell his old friend, with whom he had lived as a partner for years, and from whom he had hardly ever had a secret, but on second thoughts he does not like to. "Jack is such a queer chap in some things, unlike other men. I don't like to tell him," Charlie thinks, "though I would like him to have some share in my good luck."

Jack Heathcote had reined in his horse, some hundred yards from the canteen, to light his pipe, and Charlie for a second or two watches him, unable to make up his mind.

"No, by Jove, I won't ask him to have a share, and I won't ask him what he'd do if he were in my place. I know. Hi, Jack Heathcote, Jack. Stop I say," he shouts at the top of his voice, as he runs up to his friend, waving his hat.

Jack sees him and waits for him to come up, and as he comes up he wonders what it can be that is the matter, for he sees a strangely excited look on his friend's face.

"There is something else you must report, Jack, it is this," says Charlie, taking the big diamond from his pocket. "It's over three hundred carats, I should say, and about the best stone in the world. Old David must have found it yesterday, for he had it on him when I pulled him out of the river. Take it to the camp and give it up, and let me be rid of it, for it's safe with you; and for heaven's sake, Jack, don't think too badly of me because I have so nearly been a thief."

Jack Heathcote takes the stone, grips his old friend's hand, and rides on to the camp, and Charlie Hetherington walks back to Moonlight Rush to make the best of the lot in life he had made for himself.

A Life's Secret.

BY JAMES R. MEARS.

THE Manor House of Fairleigh was a grand old place, surrounded by a splendid park, with ancestral oaks and other trees, which indicated its antiquity and that of its original owner. It was the admiration of all the country side, but apparently not of its owner, who, rarely, if ever, visited it. He was a young man, and the neighbors knew from what they had seen of him, handsome, tall, as fine a physical specimen of an English gentleman as anyone could wish to see.

He was but four and twenty, having succeeded to the property just as he came of age. Before that period he was as gay, merry and lighthearted a young Englishman as anyone could wish to see. He hunted, shot, mixed with his neighbors, and was very popular at Cambridge. Then he was summoned home to the deathbed of his father, a stern, solemn man who for many years had never left the Manor House. He was very austere in manner, and mixed but little with his neighbors.

When by a turn of the wheel of fortune he became heir to the property, and was lifted from comparative poverty to great wealth, the widower, with an only son, was made much of. But Roland Ashton did not reciprocate their civilities. He was not rude or even repellent, but he avoided as much as possible all contact with his neighbors, and chiefly passed his time in his library with his books. He went out occasionally to stately dinner parties, and gave one or two in the year, but he resolutely declined being put on the commission of the peace, and refused an offer to contest the county.

He, however, placed no restriction on his son, who as boy and man was universally popular. He visited all the *elite* of the county, and there were great expectations of what would be when the estates came into his hands.

Then came the time when Roland Ashton was called away. His illness was very sudden. He was taken in his study with a stroke of paralysis, and a bed was made for him where he lay.

The doctor had no immediate fear of the consequences, but his son Vane was sent for. He came in hot haste, and was much struck by the changed appearance of his father. He was haggard and wan.

But his son was as cheerful as was possible under the circumstances.

"My dear father," he said, "you must make haste and get over this."

"I shall never rise from this bed again," was the hushed reply, "nor do I wish it. My life has been one long agony."

"Father, with your tastes, education, and wealth?" he cried.

"Yes! You will know some day why. But I do not wish to embitter my last moments too much. Let us talk of yourself," was the faint answer.

Nothing could be more exemplary than the conduct of this only son. He was as tender as a wife or a daughter could have been.

The sick squire found him a great comfort. He was perfectly sensible, and aware of all that was going on around, but to the assertion of the doctor that he would get over his illness, he turned a deaf ear.

"I shall not recover, nor do I wish it," he said.

At last the two medical men in attendence were compelled to allow that a rapid change for the worse had taken place, and that it would even be a question of not days but hours.

"Leave me alone for awhile with my son," he said in a choking voice, as soon as the *fiat* had gone forth.

He was obeyed, and Vane, after closing the door behind them, came reverently to his father's side.

"Vane," said the old man, in a low, hushed whisper, "I had hoped to tell you my secret; but I have deferred it too long. Fetch my desk."

The son obeyed, and placed it on the table, on which stood the medicine bottles and other things.

"It is here, father!" the son tenderly observed.

"Open it—the key is on the bunch. Do you see a small drawer at the back?" he added.

"Yes, father!" the other replied.

"When I am dead," he went on in a dreamy kind of way, "Do you—you, mind—remove a key from round my neck. Nay, boy, do it now. I will not give you such a task. Untie the ribbon."

Vane, as in a dream, obeyed. There was a faded old ribbon round his father's neck, to which hung a small key.

"When I am gone," the squire continued, with a deep sigh of relief, "open the drawer and read the content. Do not judge me too harshly, but above all make restitution."

And he closed his eyes with a shudder, while a sickening feeling of dread filled the young man's soul. Restitution was an ugly word, and hinted at possible dishonor and crime.

But that dying man, so near his dissolution, so sad and sorrowful. Was it his place to judge him?

"You have not answered," faltered Roland Ashton.

"I promise you, father, to carry out every wish as sacredly as if you were there to do it yourself."

"Thank you, my son. Now kiss me, and then let them return," he said.

The doctors came in, but he spoke no more. The last agony set in, and in an hour all was over. All retired, as did Vane for awhile, to speak with the steward and give his orders.

It was late ere he was alone, and then, with a pale and anxious face, he returned to the chamber of death, where he intended to watch that night. He looked with tender awe and pity on the bed where lay all that remained of his only parent, and then went to the desk, which he examined.

He then opened the drawer, which contained a rather extensive manuscript, with some letters and other documents attached.

With a sigh, Vane placed the former before him, and began to read.

After a few minutes he was deeply interested. It was a sad story. As he advanced the beady perspiration stood upon his brow, and his eyes shone with a strange lustre. Now and then a little cry burst from his lips.

As he approached the end he became livid, and finally let his head fall between his hands.

When he raised it again his face was almost as haggard as had been that of his suffering father.

"Merciful Heaven," he cried, in a low whisper, "can this be true? Is it possible? Surely it is an hallucination of the brain. But, no, the whole is too real for me to doubt."

And gathering up the paper and documents, he replaced them in the drawer, locked it, and put the key round his own neck.

"There it shall be," he said, in an agonized voice, "until right has been done."

And casting himself in an arm chair, he watched through the night, nor left until summoned by the steward on some business in connection with the sad event of the hour.

The funeral was over—it was attended by all the magnates—the will was read, leaving everything absolutely to Vane Marmaduke Ashton, to do with as he pleased.

It was a splendid inheritance, and one which gave him a great stake in the county.

Everybody expected, as soon as the time prescribed by etiquette had elapsed, to hear of fine doings in the Manor House.

But all were greatly mistaken.

As soon as the funeral was over, some of the superfluous servants, who had not been long in the family, but London importations were dismissed, and the residence left in charge of steward, housekeeper, and a few old domestics.

The young man then went away, none knew whither, but his letters, which indicated that he was travelling far and wide, came regularly every month.

First he wrote from America, then from France, then from different parts of England. He never seemed to remain one week in a place, but dashed hither and thither like the legendary Wandering Jew. Every year he came home and devoted a few days to going into the affairs, and examined the accumulation of letters. This he did with fervent eagerness. Then he would cast them aside, giving instructions to his steward, and retire to his own room. He seldom stopped longer than a week.

Except for a strange look in his eyes, and an anxious, haggard expression, he was handsomer than ever. He was slender, with extensive beard, and brown complexion, but he was too thoughtful for one so young.

"I hope, sir," would say the steward, "now that we have got you here you will remain."

"No, Stephens, I cannot rest. My coming is a duty I have imposed on myself—but I cannot remain. The Manor House is no home for me."

This was all the explanation he ever gave.

Stephens had the complete control of everything, and about four years after Vane came to his inheritance, found a tenant for Woodbine Cottage, a small house with furniture, on the edge of the park. It had been left in this state by the death of a tenant, and was occasionally let to visitors.

It was a beautiful little place, and the lady and her daughter, who took it for three months, were delighted with their bargain. It was a secluded country place, and the house was cheap.

Mrs. Hampton was a widow in delicate health, who, had been advised quiet and good air. Her reference indicated that she kept a boarding school in London, which she had temporarily handed over to a friend and elder daughter while she and Maud came for health and recreation to the still country.

Maude was a charming girl, almost a child, of seventeen, with winsome gray eyes, a pale complexion, sunny hair, and an expression which was rather angelic than human. She had suffered from some illness, and now was only slowly recovering. Her mother, who had nursed her all through, was nearly as much in want of change as herself. They had been in the village a few days and had only been very short walks, but every hour seemed to give them greater strength, and they gradually ventured on more extended promenades.

They had heard that there was a kind of right of way over the park, and that by passing through a turnstile they would be able to view the beautiful place without committing any trespass. Mrs. Hampton and Maude accordingly in the bright morn prepared to examine the place of which they had heard so much.

They were told that its owner was absent, and that by means of the steward they might be even permitted to visit the house itself; but just now mother and daughter, who saw houses enough in London, were more inclined for grass, trees, and flowers.

They passed through the gate without any difficulty and entered upon a winding path which passed under the oaks and elms, getting occasional glimpses of the Manor House, with beautiful vistas that carried the eye into the depth of the porch.

"Is not this lovely?" said Maude, her color heightening and her eyes sparkling. "Is it not beautiful?"

"It is, my dear," responded the widow, with a sigh. "It seems hard, after all, to be obliged to return to London and work."

"Well, mamma, we were not born rich," continued the damsel, smiling, and after all though teaching is monotonous, it is not hard work."

"But had things gone as they should have done even that had been spared us," continued her mother, with a sigh. "But I will not think of sorrows that are past. We should be thankful for even those mercies which have been shown us."

They had reached a seat near a lake, beyond which was a view of the house.

"I wonder whether," cried Maude. "I might be allowed to make a sketch of this lovely scene."

"You can do so if it pleases you, miss," said a very grave but kindly voice.

Turning they saw a gentleman, plainly but well dressed, with a handsome bearded countenance, and very bright eyes, standing close to them. He raised his hat, and would have passed on.

"But really, sir, may I?" repeated Maude, in a voice the purity and elegance of which seemed to startle the stranger, and with a look from her lovely eyes which made him pause.

"I am Mr. Ashton," he said, again raising his hat, "and I make you free of the park, all and every part of it."

"You are too good," cried the enthusiastic girl. "Excuse my rudeness. We are your new tenants at Woodbine Cottage."

"I have only arrived this morning," he said, and have heard no news. Pray in every way make yourselves at home."

And this time he went, leaving Maude Hampton in a twitter of expectation and delight.

"What a handsome man, and how polite!" she observed, "but how grave and sad!"

"Yes," continued her mother, thoughtfully, "there has some sorrow rested on that young head. He has been hardly tried."

"Young," cried Maude, rather surprised.

"Not five and twenty," said her mother, smiling; "and now to explore the rest of this elysium."

It was past their usual dinner hour when they reached their house, rather tired and glad of repose. It was decided to go out no more that day, but to rise early and take the sketching portfolio with them.

Tea had been laid and they were thinking of partaking of that fragrant and pleasant meal, when a knock came to the door, and on a domestic going to reply, she was told by a gentleman of tall stature and gentle appearance, that with their permission Mr. Ashton would pay his respects to the ladies.

Yes, it was Mr. Vane Ashton himself, who, after a considerable struggle with himself, had decided that politeness demanded this sacrifice of his habits and feelings.

He had spoken to Stephens about them, and heard their status and position. He determined all the more to be polite and attentive.

The soft voice, the tenderness of manner, and the beautiful eyes of the girl he would not allow to influence him in any way.

The ladies, after a moment of confusion, received him with every attention. Maude at once asked him to join them at tea, and the squire accepted.

Soon his gravity and sombre manner changed as if by magic, and for an hour or two he became his own bright self. He spoke of his travels, of foreign parts, of people he had met, of poetry and painting, of everything which came to hand, and spoke well.

Mrs. Hampton was surprised and delighted, while Maude was in a new world. At last he pointed to the piano, and, after a few minutes Maude rose and both played and sang.

"You have a beautiful and cultivated voice," he said as she resumed her former seat.

"It is my profession!" replied Maude, gravely.

After some more little conversation the young squire rose and thanked them for a most pleasant evening. He requested permission to call again.

"By the way," he continued, as if the thought had just come into his head, "will you go over to the Manor House to-morrow? The picture gallery is very fine. Our ancestors were warriors and beauties in their day."

Mrs. Hampton assenting, the hour of twelve was fixed. Mr. Ashton insisted on sending a pony chaise for them, by which means they would approach the grand avenue.

After some resistance the offer was accepted, and Vane Ashton retired, walking across the park home in deep thought.

As soon as he was away from the spell of the enchantress his manner changed. He was as gloomy and sombre as ever.

"What a lovely girl!" he said; "so innocent, pure, and unaffected. But there, Vane Ashton, you are mad. What have I to do with bright eyes, warm cheeks, and cherry lips? I have a mission in life, and to that I must confine myself."

He moved along moodily.

"Of what avail is my wealth, my grandeur, my name, while the curse rests on it? I must away again, but for a few hours let me have a glimpse of paradise. What grace, what softness, and yet what a splendid mistress for any man's home."

Vane Ashton slept little that night. In the dark hours he allowed himself to dream, and when he slept saw bright dreams that brought tears to his eyes. His cheeks were wet when he awoke.

But he was once more stern and sombre until the hour came for his guests, when he roused himself and received them with all the courtesy of a polished gentleman.

He at once offered his arm to Mrs. Hampton, and led them to the picture gallery, where in stiff array were ranged the knights and dames who had flourished in days gone by.

"Which is your father?" asked Maude, looking round in search of another face.

There was a sad, if not bitter ring in the voice of the master of the house as he replied.

"We are almost strangers," he said, "and my father never thought of it. As for me, I never had my portrait painted."

And he turned to other subjects.

When they had seen the apartments, they passed through the conservatory—a rare gem—to the breakfast room, a pleasant-looking apartment, indeed, where luncheon had been laid—a luncheon of exquisite taste with fruit and flowers in abundance. Maude, who was recovering her health with great rapidity, really enjoyed the re-

past, as did Mrs. Hampton, and when they retired it was with a sense of keen enjoyment, such as they had not experienced for some time.

By their permission, Mr. Ashton came in the evening again, when there was more conversation, and more music and singing. Vane showed himself on this occasion a rare proficient in the art.

He sang several duets with Maude, and both were secretly drawn together by that subtle instinct which nature has implanted in us.

No matter what the consequences, both were drifting away into that island of felicity which is sometimes the wreck of our lives, sometimes the salvation and happiness.

Mrs. Hampton did not notice this, but only regarded the attentions of the landlord as the courteous deference of a gentleman to a beautiful girl. Even when next day presents of flowers and fruit came she only smiled.

"What would Sophie say?" cried Maude, as she held up a beautiful bunch of grapes and tasted them, like the little gourmand she was.

"Be delighted, if only to look at them," said her mother, laughing. "You know her taste for the beautiful—"

"Yes, but still she can eat them as well as I can," retorted Maude. "But here comes Mr. Ashton in his grand carriage."

In another minute or two the master of the Manor House was before them. He had come to say that if they would favor him, as the day was fine, he would drive them to some of the beautiful scenery in the neighborhood.

"I am going away soon," he said, rather sadly, "so must make the most of my time."

"Do you not live here?" asked Maude, with a slightly-heightened color.

"Very seldom. I came once a year, just to show myself, and that is all," he answered. "I am a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"With such a lovely—such a beautiful place!" cried Maude, unable to hide her astonishment.

"I cannot remain still. The shadow of a great wrong is on my house," he responded; "but I will not speak of my sorrows to one so young and innocent. Let us enjoy this lovely day."

"I hope you do not go for a week yet?" said Maude, in the most innocent way in the world.

"Why, may I ask?" was his smiling response.

"Because my sister Sophie is coming for a few days, and I have told her so much of your kindness, she quite longs to see you," said Maude, artlessly, "and the beautiful house and grounds."

"They are quite at your disposal. I shall leave orders for you to be treated as if you were its mistress," he said, "but I fear—"

Oh, what a throb went to heart; but she kept her feelings down.

"Still, a little week—only one week," she said, in her most artless and childish manner.

"I will do myself the honor to wait until your sister comes," responded the squire, who, for the life of him, could not have refused her request.

It was a fortunate one for both parties.

That drive was the most beautiful one Maude had ever experienced. The roomy and comfortable carriage, the high-stepping horses, the regal-looking coachman, were component parts of the affair, but the scenery, the views, the places, described so eloquently by his lips, made a thing to be remembered.

They dined at the Manor House, the Rector and his wife being there to meet them. It was delightful.

As the days passed the squire grew more assiduous in his attentions, and yet never passed the bounds he had set for himself.

He loved Maude with all his heart and soul, he wooed her, but they must meet no more—at all events, until she was beyond his reach as the bride of another.

Maude was so happy she almost regretted that the hour fixed for the arrival of Sophie had nearly come round. She dearly loved her sister, but she felt that when the squire went the place would be very dull.

But we cannot have everything we want in this world.

The memorable evening came. Mrs. Hampton had prepared high tea for her eldest daughter's arrival.

The squire was presented, and had, indeed, been the founder of the feast—the fish out of his ponds, the pheasants out of his preserves, while the choice fruit was his present.

Maude was a little anxious. Without owning to herself the deep affection that was welling up in her tender heart, Vane Ashton had raised himself into a hero in her eyes.

His sorrows made him more interesting. They were chatting pleasantly when the noise of a vehicle was heard, and, after a moment's delay, the expected young lady was ushered in, to be cordially embraced by Mrs. Hampton and her sister Maude.

She was a tall, fine girl of two and twenty, with brunette complexion, as little like Maude as possible.

"Sophie, this is our kind friend, Mr. Ashton. Mr. Ashton, my sister Sophie. But I may as well explain at once my half sister, Miss Scroesby."

A great cloud seemed to pass over the young man's eyes, his heart gave a bound, and he stood transfixed.

"Daughter of the late Captain Leonard Scroesby!" he cried, wildly.

"Yes. Did you know my father?" said Sophie, amazed and incredulous.

"No, but my father did. I am the son of Marmaduke Leslie, who took the name of Roland Ashton on succeeding to the property!" cried Vane, in a hollow voice.

There was dead silence for a moment.

"You the son of Marmaduke Leslie!" cried Mrs. Hampton, bitterly. "Can it be possible?"

"Yes! Thank heaven I have found you! For four years have I travelled all over the world in search of the widow and child of Leonard Scroesby!" he ejaculated.

"Left almost destitute in a credible manner by my first husband, I married again, and when my dear husband died, had, with my daughter, to work for my living," said the widow, sadly; "but why did you seek for us?"

"To make restitution," he answered. "Your husband before his last voyage entrusted to my father twelve thousand pounds, your inheritance. He speculated with it and lost all. When he succeeded to this place he sought you far and wide, but found no trace. He died a miserable and moody man, with the world 'restitution' engraven on his heart. I have never ceased in my pursuit of you."

He then told the sad story of his father's guilt and repentance, as well as the fact that the sum of twelve thousand pounds had been accumulating at interest for eleven years, and was ready for them.

"Do you forgive my father?" he said, at last, in a low, sad voice.

Mother and daughter took his hand.

"He has nobly atoned," said Mrs. Hampton, "and you sir! How you have suffered!"

"Yes, but I am happy now," he answered with a deep sigh of relief—"that is, I shall be if Miss Hampton here—Miss Maude—will stop and look after the Manor House as its honored mistress!"

Maude burst into tears, and fell upon her mother's neck, whispering one sentence.

"I am not good enough for him," she murmured.

"Too good, too noble. Ah Miss Sophie, how I thank you! If I had not seen you this wretched business had never been explained, as I should not have won my darling wife!"

Which she proved in every sense of the word, making him, and all around her, happy.

The Fortune-Hunter.

BY PERCY VERE.

AUGUSTUS FITZROY was the undisputed owner of a superb pair of whiskers, on which he prided himself not a little.

Truth compels me to add that he was the owner of little else; and my readers will readily acknowledge that, desirable as such a possession may be considered, they will not go very far towards paying the tailor's bill.

Having done nothing for several months, and, in consequence, being decidedly "hard up," all at once the thought struck Augustus that it would be an admirable idea to go down and see an aged aunt, of whom he had heard, but whom he had never seen.

His resolution was stimulated by a knowledge that his Aunt Rachel had several thousand pounds in bank-stock, which she might bequeath to whom she pleased.

And why not to him?

There really seemed to be no good reason why not.

She had no nearer relative; and he flattered himself he could introduce himself into her good graces.

The first thing to be done was to remove all traces of being a "fast young man," to don a more sober costume, and to assume a more subdued air.

Before taking any decisive step, he resolved to propose a visit by letter, and to guide himself by the answer.

He accordingly, after some labor, succeeded in producing the following epistle:

"DEAR AUNT RACHEL,—

"Although I have never seen you, that I remember, I feel that the relationship which exists between us will excuse the liberty I now take in writing to you. It would give me a great deal of pleasure to pay you a visit, and thus become better acquainted with one of whom I have heard so much. Would it be convenient for you to receive me? And, if so, when? I sometimes get tired of town, and long for the quietude of the country. It is very saddening to a sensitive soul to see the amount of dissipation there is among young men in London. Many of my acquaintances smoke and drink; and, seeing that I have said this, has been instrumental in reforming them.

"I have just returned from hearing an excellent sermon, by the Reverend Doctor Higgins. I wish you could have heard it. But duty calls me away, and I must close here. Be kind enough to let me know whether a visit from me will be agreeable.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"AUGUSTUS FITZROY."

Augustus surveyed this epistolatory effort with no little complacency. He felt that it was calculated to produce the desired effect.

"Aunt Rachel will think I am one of the steadiest young men breathing!" said he, to himself. "The way in which I speak of my acquaintance smoking and drinking will lead her to think that I never indulge myself in either. It will be for my interest to keep up the delusion; and I suppose, if I visit her, I must reform for the time being. It'll be confounded hard; but it's a pity if a poor fellow can't deny himself, with such an object in view!"

Accordingly, Augustus slipped his letter into the post, and with as much patience as he could muster, awaited the reply.

He felt that it was to have a critical bearing upon his future, since he had now contrived, by exhausting his credit, to get himself into a position which was by no means an agreeable one.

He was liable to have visitors who, with an importunity which he regarded as very impolite, would insist upon his attention to their demands.

In fact, it was after an interview with his washerwoman, which had seriously discomposed his nerves, that the postman brought him a letter, folded square, in old-fashioned style.

Guessing that it was from his aunt, he tore it open eagerly and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR NEPHEW AUGUSTUS.

"I haven't seen you since you were a baby; but I am glad to hear from you. I shall be glad to have you come and pay me a visit as soon as you like. If you were one of those whipper-snappers that some of the young men are, I shouldn't invite you; but I judge from your letter that you are a steady young man; and I must say that your remarks about dissipation do you great credit. I should like to have heard the sermon you speak of. When you come here I will introduce you to our minister—who is a very excellent man—in whose society you will, I am sure, take great comfort. No more this time, from your affectionate aunt,

"RACHEL JONES."

Augustus set out, in three days' time, for his aunt's residence. She lived in a modest house, in a country village where there was little or nothing going on.

She had never been married; and perhaps her household was more quiet and staid for that.

She greeted her nephew kindly. There was nothing in his appearance that would lead her to suspect him other than the steady young man he wished her to believe. His jaunty coats, showy vests, and variegated pantaloons had given place to a dark suit of exceeding plainness. His neatly fitting kids were thrown aside for worsted gloves; and of his former self he retained only his superb whiskers.

He could not make up his mind to give up those; but after a time that sacrifice became necessary.

On the second day, as Augustus sat after dinner endeavoring not to yawn over the "Pilgrims Progress," which his aunt had recommended to him as a very interesting book, the old lady fixed her eyes upon him, and said, "Augustus, there is one thing that I don't like about you!"

"What is that?" inquired the nephew, surprised.

"Your whiskers!" returned his aunt.

"But why, may I ask?" said the dismayed heir expectant.

"Because it makes you look like those dissipated young men in London, that you alluded to in your note!"

"Indeed, Aunt Rachel," Augustus hastened to say, "there are a great many persons that wear them. There's the Rev. Dr. Higgins for one; and if a minister wears them, why shouldn't I?"

"They are adapted to foster vanity!" said the old lady, oracularly. "And you know 'pride goeth before a fall.' I really think, Augustus, that if you cut them off, you would find your advantage in it."

"Does she mean that it may increase my legacy?" thought Augustus. "In that case, as long as they will grow again, perhaps it may be wise to comply with her whim, though it is confounded vexatious. I shall look like a fright; I know I shall."

"Aunt Rachel," said he, meekly, "I confess I have never before seen the matter in the same light that you have exhibited it to me. But you have lived longer in the world than I, and are much wiser. Although it will be a great sacrifice, yet I will not shrink from what you think is right. I shall shave off my whiskers to-morrow!"

"You are right, Augustus," said the old lady, gratified by his early compliance. "As you say, I have lived longer in the world than you, and I know the pitfalls of vanity."

The next day, Augustus appeared shaven of his whiskers. It made him feel quite melancholy to look into the glass; and nothing would have supported him under the sacrifice but the hope of receiving a liberal pecuniary compensation from his aunt's estate.

There was another sacrifice already hinted at, which Augustus felt severely. For the last three or four years, he had been in the habit of smoking a choice havana after every meal; so that they had come to be almost a necessity to him—at least he thought so. Now, however, he must give them up. But, one day, a temptation presented itself which he could not resist.

On examining the pocket of his coat, he found a solitary cigar, which he had carelessly slipped in when he felt at liberty to use the article. The sight of the cigar was too much for him.

"I suppose I can venture on just this one," he said to himself.

Accordingly, he went out into the wood and smoked it, to his great satisfaction. On returning, his aunt, who was gifted with a sharp scent, detected the aroma.

"Why, Augustus," said she, "you smell of tobacco!"

"Do I?" said our hero.

"You haven't been smoking, have you?"

"When I last wore this coat, Aunt Rachel," said Augustus, evading a direct reply, "I was in company with smokers. You can't think how long the scent continues!"

"How very disgusting," said his aunt. "I must really have your coat sprinkled with lavender-water."

Augustus submitted to this with the best grace he could assume, and his aunt was appeased.

I must now mention another trial to which he was obliged to submit. His aunt having no children to pet, and not being partial to cats, had expended her love upon a hideous-looking monkey, who had free range of the house.

It seemed hardly possible that such a creature could have inspired affection—since, in addition to its ill-looks, it was exceedingly malicious.

But Aunt Rachel loved it with an intensity of affection which her growing childishness increased.

Augustus soon perceived this; and saw that it was necessary for him to pay court to the monkey, if he would stand well with its owner.

This he found a good deal harder than even resigning his whiskers. The creature would snarl at him, and play the most mischievous tricks at his expense.

Once it got his hat, and thrust it into the fire till it was completely spoiled. At another time, when he was walking in the garden, it leaped upon his head, and pulled his hair till the tears started from his eyes.

He felt inclined, in his rage, to knock out its brains against the stone wall, but prudence forbade. He accordingly, though with a very ill grace, joined with his aunt in laughing at the sportiveness of the little darling.

With a degree of magnanimity almost heroic, he went to the village shop, and bought a quart of nuts, which he bestowed upon his persecutor.

Yet, on the very next day, the ungrateful monkey jumped up into his lap, and bit his finger till he was almost agonized with pain.

"Naughty Jacko," said the old lady, with a mild rebuke. "But, after all," she added, "I can't find it in my heart to scold the pretty creature" (pretty, indeed,) "it has such winning, innocent ways."

"Winning, innocent ways!" thought Augustus. "The treacherous villian! I only wish I had the hanging of him."

Yet that very afternoon he brought home some sugar-candy, of which the monkey was very fond and treated him.

"We need not detail all the mischievous tricks which Jacko was enabled to play upon our hero, through the free range of the house which he was allowed. But Augustus resolutely oppressed his feelings, and was so devoted to Jacko, that he materially increased in favor with his aunt.

After a three months' visit thinking he was secure of his aunt's favor, he returned to London, where he unbent a little, after his recent self-restraint.

Three months after, his aunt died suddenly, in a fit of apoplexy. Augustus went to the funeral, and *the reading of the will*. He had the pleasure of hearing the following Item read:—

"To my nephew, Augustus Fitzroy, a very worthy, steady man, I bequeath *my monkey Jacko*, to whom he became attached during his recent visit—being confident that he will cherish it for his own sake as well as mine."

This was all. The rest of the property was given to various charitable institutions. We will not attempt to paint the rage of Augustus at this cruel blow. He accepted the bequest, however; and within twenty-four hours had the savage satisfaction of shooting the ill-starred monkey through the heart.

A monomaniac at Hartford City, Ind., has become convinced that layers of flesh are forming on the souls of his feet, and that unless he keeps the these down he will lose the power of locomotion. Accordingly he spends from twelve to eighteen hours a day tramping round and round in a circle.

Judge Torrance, of the Superior Court of Connecticut, daily rides a bicycle.

The Epidemic of Crime.

Whence comes this epidemic of suicides and murders? Recent discussions have named several causes. Hon. C. H. Reeve, of Indiana, charges it to infidel teachings—holding that hopelessness of a future state cripples fortitude for bearing life's ills. Another declares suffering from the universal business depression the cause. A third writer attributes it to increasing insanity, a physician thinks much of the tendency is inherited, while temperance advocates lay the responsibility upon strong drink.

Free-thinkers have committed suicide, but so have orthodox churchmen. Financial straits have beset many, but the wealthy have also taken their life.

Insanity and dissipation have preceded suicides and family murders.

One feature common to almost every such crime challenges attention. Well nigh every report of suicide and family murder mentions the perpetrator as having "for some time been sad and set to melancholy." Whence comes this? All recognized medical authorities tell us that the fire which consumes the brain is always kindled by derangements of digestion; that good digestion is impossible without pure blood, and pure blood is never known when the liver and kidneys are out of order. Under such circumstances, a preventive should be sought, and for this Warner's safe cure is sovereign—a fact conceded by the best authorities in the land, and it is especially commended by the celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Our Young Folks.

LANCELOT'S DOGGIE.

BY PIPKIN.

"LANCE, dear, take care of any accident. It is a terrible day for you to be out at all," sighed Mrs. Brooke.

"Oh, no fear, mother. Besides, it's Saturday, you know; I shall be home early. Bazaine will soon come back, and tell you I'm all right. Good-bye, and, mind," he added, running up a few steps again to the landing outside the little drawing-room, "keep up heart—you shan't have to give up all we care about! We'll manage somehow. I'll work like a brick; and I'll soon have my quarter now, at Garth's."

She shook her head, though trying to answer the bright, determined look, as her boy sprang down stairs and banged the front door in the face of the wind, followed, as usual, by a great Pyrenean wolfhound, who had been his guardian and playmate ever since his father, Messrs. Garth's late manager, had brought him from Paris, when Lance was a baby still.

He was not quite a proper—a slight, pale pretty boy, with dark hair, and long lashes shading his grey eyes, but he had been the pillar of strength in all the lonely weeks since her husband had gone on another journey; not for Garth Brothers, this time, and not to return.

Those months, too, had been more than lonely—poor. Savings had been swallowed up by Mr. Brooke's illness; and now, though the widow gained what she could, and her son was given work for the firm his father had served so long, one thing after another had vanished from their once pretty little home, and that morning, thinking over affairs, it seemed as if the home itself, with all its memories, must go too.

And only Lance—eager, sweet-tempered, loving Lance—could keep a bright heart still.

But for all his cheery words, now that his mother was not there to see the hot tears keep rising, do what he would, half blinding him as the cold wind turned them into blisters; and he ran along, threading his way unconsciously, Bazaine close behind.

How it did blow! A worse gust than ever nearly drove him past the place he was going to, and into the arms of a gentleman on the pavement. "I beg your pardon, sir," he panted, confused; for this was Garth junior, the acting partner, out of whose way most people kept, when they could—at all events youngsters like Lance.

"What are you crying for?" asked Mr. Garth, sharply, at once.

But before Lance could mumble something about the wind, his attention was caught by Bazaine, whom he had known of old. "H'm! your father's dog? What can you do with a brute like that now? I should think your mother would care more for his price. Come here, old beauty! I've coveted you often. I'll give her $50 for him—$75 if she likes."

"Oh, please sir," pleaded Lance, "he is mine now. He follows me every morning, and then goes back to mother, and she sends him again in the evening. I do want him."

Poor Lance! His thoughts were fighting fast. He knew little about money yet, and it seemed to him that $75 would be nearly all his mother wanted. A few minutes ago he had longed for it—but to come in this way! Give up Bazaine, his own, own doggie, his father's trusty comrade and last gift to him.

"I can't," he whispered, as Mr. Garth turned away with an clouded "Please yourself." "I can't. Go home to mother, doggie." He put his nose at instant at Bazaine's great head, then dashed his sleeve across his eyes and went in, as the hour sounded, and the dog, watching him wistfully, trotted off.

All morning, while the storm roared louder, Lance fought that battle with himself, and at last, when the half-day's work was over, and the men were going away, while Garth junior was standing near him, he began steadily, though his clenched hands trembled:

"I'll give you Bazaine, sir, if you like him so much; because then you'll be kind to him. I'll give him for what you said—for mother."

"Ha! I thought you'd think better of it. Very well. I'll send for him to-morrow."

How the wind howled! But what is that? There was an awful *thud*, a bewildered sense of falling—smashing—a blow—and Lance heard no more.

The tall chimney was down; part of it right through the roof of the warehouse, displacing a heavy beam which jammed tight the door by which the men had just gone out, so that no one knew at once exactly what had occurred.

And no one in the excited group outside heeded Lancelot's doggie, who ran hither and thither piteously, as if he knew better than any of them that something was wrong with his master.

No one heeded him till he made a sudden gigantic spring—the wise, brave fellow, whining with excitement and distress right through wood and stone, already partly broken by the crash of a window, whence Lance had often given him a stealthy sign that he was coming; and before any one could follow him, he was licking Lance's face, whimpering and fawning on him as he lay; and Lance sat up and then fell back with a gasp, under an iron bar which had broken his leg, and now lay across it. Only for one moment; the next, looking up, his wits came back all at once.

A yard away lay Mr. Garth, stunned by a touch on the head from the end of the same bar; and right over him, poised and swaying on the upper part of the beam which wedged the door, was a mass of brickwork heavy enough to crush him into pulp.

"Bazaine!" cried Lance, in sharp terror, help me!"

He never knew exactly whether it was Bazaine or he, or both who did it, but somehow—somehow—in spite of the agony of moving, he did move, shifted the bar a little, rose on one knee, with his arms round the dog, and crawled a pace, so as to reach and grasp the collar of Mr. Garth's coat, and drag him aside.

No! it was Bazaine, not poor Lance, who had strength to do that, as soon as he saw what was desired of him.

There was a shout from voices at the window—another crash, then only Bazaine's whining. But his master, and *his* master, were both safe.

* * * * * *

"Well, Brooke, you'll soon be at work again, I suppose? And when am I to have the dog?" asked Mr. Garth, sitting by Lance's bed when he was getting better. "To-morrow, eh?"

"Yes sir, if you like," whispered Lance, turning away his face. Alas! was it not more necessary than ever now?—there were doctor's bills to pay.

A silence.

"My boy," said Mr. Garth, with a queer sort of tremble in his hard voice, "I know all about it. I will take care of your mother and you too. I ought to have done it before for your father's sake; and now I'll do it for yours. But I'll not rob you of an older friend."

THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN.

BY PERCY VERE.

LONG ago, when the world was yet young, and men believed that flowers were the tears of Aurora, and the soft murmurs of water the sigh of the Nereides—that the breath of Zephyrus gently agitated the trees, and a god impelled the rushing winds—in those delightful days there was an island in the old, gray Atlantic, which contained a valley of such wondrous beauty that it would seem the sylvan deities had chosen it for their own especial dwelling-place.

At the base of one of the rocky hills which surrounded it bore gushed up from the golden sands a fountain, the water of which was so bright and clear, that it danced and sparkled like infinite diamonds, long after being taken from the marble basin which contained it.

The good people who inhabited the valley believed the reason of this was that glad spirits, imprisoned beneath the waves, revelled and danced with joy when they beheld the glorious sunlight; for it was said the nymph of the fountain (a wayward sprite, half-human, half-divine) had laid on the waters a magic spell—they were never to see the sunshine.

A stone of enormous size, yet light as a feather to the touch, covered the spring until after sunset, at which time the maidens of the valley were privileged to fill their pitchers at it.

But woe to the careless maiden who should forget to cover the fount—a mysterious and terrible doom awaited not only her, but all the inhabitants of the valley, should the morning sun look upon the waters.

Hitherto this simple precaution had never been neglected; for each one guarded the magic fountain (which was the only spring of water in the valley) as their own lives.

In a little moss-covered cot, shaded by the white hawthorn, there dwelt, with her parents, a young maiden, the pride of the valley—for she was the loveliest where all were lovely, and surely never did mortal eyes behold a fairer being.

The rose upon ivy would be a faint emblem to the delicate blush that tinged her cheek; eyes dark and tender, with a potent witchery in their glance, half-softness, half-splendor; tresses black as midnight; a form light, willowy, and graceful; a step firm and elastic as a young fawn.

Such was Una.

But even in this lovely spot, where rumor of wrong or evil had never come, and where sorrow, sickness, or death seemed almost unknown, there came a cloud to ruffle her joyous spirit.

There wandered to that lone valley a stranger youth—a hunter, who had lost his way, and stumbled by chance upon the narrow rugged path that led to it. He came to Una's home, and was kindly fed and cared for.

Days and weeks glided by, and still the youth lingered—for a fairer spot, or a lovelier maiden, he said, in all his wanderings, had never blessed his eyes before.

Together they wandered hand in hand, through the flowery meads and lone woodland paths, gathering the hazel-nuts and ripe fruits that grew abundant there. Sometimes they would sit for hours chatting beside the magic fountain.

Once only the lover's brow was clouded. Oft he had talked of camps and courts, and regions of pomp and glory, far beyond those stern mountains; but now he speaks of his home—a far, foreign land, with marble palaces, and stately gardens, and golden treasures, and rich garments, and asked Una's parents to give him the maiden for his bride, until he bore her to this lovely land.

But the parents clasped their child to their hearts, and sternly bade the presumptuous stranger depart; they no longer loved him, for he wished to steal their treasure from them.

One evening he had waited for Una to fill her pitcher at the fountain. Slowly the maiden came tripping along, for love had filled her heart with a vague unutterable melancholy.

The youth darted from his concealment and knelt at her feet, and invoking her by the nymph of the fountain, whom he said was the friend of true lovers, implored her to fly with him.

He continued his passionate entreaties—though Una, shuddering said that the poplars and aspens that quivered and rustled so wildly that calm summer's evening were the angry spirits of the water, chiding. The youth laughed daringly, but the trees shook and rustled more wildly.

The maiden's heart throbbed with such love and tenderness to her stranger lover, that she would have freely left her lovely valley and wandered with him into the glorious world he spoke of; but then came the thought of her parents—those cherished beings dearer to her than life itself—and though her dark eyes swam with tears and her rosy lips grew pale and tremulous, she refused to leave them.

Her lover's eyes grew dark with wrath: that night he left the valley.

And now fair Una wandered like a pale lily through each spot that had been hallowed by the presence of her lover.

In vain her parents and young companions tried to cheer her; her only solace was to wander where he had wandered, or to sit beside the magic fountain and pour out her sorrows to the guardian spirit of the waters.

One evening she was seated as usual by the margin of the spring; one after another the young girls of the valley had filled their pitchers and pressed a kiss upon the brow of sweet Una, and left her.

Sleeping calmly in its marble bed, the fountain lay uncovered, while the silver moonbeams trembled and danced as they kissed its polluted bosom. Like some lovely vision, the maiden sat with her hands clasped upon her breast, and her pure, holy face upturned to the glorious heavens.

Suddenly the trees rustled wildly, and the waters were agitated. She started; her lover stood beside her. With a low murmur of delight the maiden sprang up, and wreathed her arms round his neck.

Her lover had much to tell that was pleasant to the maiden's ear. He had given up home and country for her sweet sake, and had come to dwell with her for ever in that lovely valley.

It was late when Una's head pressed her pillow. Strange, wild visions broke the maiden's repose, and angry voices shrieked and murmured in her ears. Haunted by some undefinable expression of coming ill, she awoke affrighted.

The first beams of rosy morn were tinging the mountain's brow. Like the lightning's flash came the thought—she had forgotten to cover the magic fountain!

With a wild shriek, she sprang up: there might yet be time before the morning's sun beheld the waters.

Her raven hair flowing wildly round her, she flies with trembling limbs along the well-known path.

Alas! it is too late; the sun is already rising in glory behind the eastern hills. The fountain is no longer visible; but in its place a white foamy torrent comes sweeping on like angry ghosts retreating from the daylight.

Shrieks of anguish now fall upon her ear, and wild, affrighted groups flit swiftly past her.

Some pause, and urge her to fly with them; but, statue-like gazing on the advancing waters, the wretched maiden stands, already they have reached her feet. But her lover is at her side—his arm is thrown around her. He bears her to a lofty hill.

"Oh, save my parents!" exclaimed the maiden.

But the youth pointed sadly to where the flood had already whelmed their little cot. Her head drooped heavier on his shoulder.

"Courage, sweet Una! he murmured, as he kissed her clay-cold cheek; "I will strive to gain yon mountain."

But, as if in mockery of his words, the mighty waters came leaping more swiftly on. Higher and higher they rise.

The last tree-top disappears—the happy valley is gone. And now the vengeful flood has reached the spot where the hapless lovers stand.

Clasped in each other's arms, they sank beneath the waves; and the morning sun fell with unclouded brilliancy upon the calm bosom of Killarney's Lakes.

PERFUMES AND HEALTH.—An Italian professor has made some very agreeable medical researches, resulting in the discovery that vegetable perfumes exercise a positively healthy influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone and thus increase its oxydizing influence. The essences found to develope the largest quantity of ozone are those of cherry, laurel, clover, lavender, mint, juniper, fennel, fennel, and bergamot; those that give it in smaller quantity are anise, nutmeg, and benzoe. The flowers of the narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, heliotrope, and lily of the valley have proved to emit vessels. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develope it, and those which give but slight perfume developed only in small quantities. Reasoning from these facts, the professor recommends the cultivation of flowers in marshy districts, and in all places infested with animal emanations on account of the powerful oxydizing influence of ozone. The inhabitants of such regions should, he says, surround their houses with beds of the most odorous flowers.

Use charity with all; be ever generous in thought and deed; help others along life's thorny path.

A BEAVER VILLAGE.

For any one curious to see the labors of the beaver, a journey to the backwoods is necessary; but on thousands of streams their operations are yet visible, although the trapper has greatly diminished the number of the *Castor Americanus*. There is only one other larger rodent animal now living, and that is the capybara of South America. The average weight of a beaver is about thirty pounds. The length of the body is usually forty inches, and the tail has a length of nine inches, with a circumference of eight.

The fur is long, with a thick under-down, which is exposed by the plucking out of the longer hairs when the skin is sold for trade purposes.

It is easy to see where the beast has been at work, for if a bank-water or small stream be traced up its course, it will be found barred across at certain intervals by embankments made of mud, branches, or large sticks, and scattered stones. The water stands at different levels in these chains of artificially broadened reaches.

The dam is usually so constructed that a lower space is left in the centre, so that the water may run through without injuring the dyke on either side. The stems of the branches are laid, as a rule, up-stream and they are so interlaced and filled in with mud that it is occasionally possible to drive a wagon over the hard-pressed earthwork of an old dam.

In reaches containing islands I have seen the island cut clean through by a water-ditch, so that the animals and their young could swim from the pool on one side of the island to that on the other. It is remarkable that, although a regular system of embankments may be seen, showing that work must have been continued on them so as to keep them in repair and add to them for very many years, one family alone is usually seen in possession of an extensive beaverine domain.

Their habitation is probably placed in some large pond near the centre or upper portion of the series of works. A beehive-shaped mound is seen rising above the water and covered with sticks. The entrances to it are often three feet below the water level, and the reason of the care taken to repair the dams is to be found in the need of preventing the surface of the pond from becoming so low as to leave bare the entrances in summer droughts, or to close them with ice in winter. There are usually two sub-aqueous entrances, six to ten feet in length. An inclined plane leads up to the chamber, which is often six or seven feet in length, and of a round or oval shape.

The floor of this little hall is made hard, and is raised a few inches above the pool's level. The height from floor to roof is at least eighteen inches. The passages leading outwards are but just wide enough to allow one animal at a time to pass, and the course of one of the corridors is quite straight, so as to allow of the provision of green sticks being brought in and stored in the central chambers. These sticks after having been peeled of bark, are used for roofing or on the floor.

It is said that the roof is sufficiently porous to allow of some ventilation, and that the snow on the top of the 'lodge' is melted by the heated breath of the animals rising through the roof, the summit of which is not, like the sides, thickly plastered.

Sometimes, the beavers burrow in overhanging banks, and the arrangements are then much the same as with the English badger: grass is carried into the abode for bedding. There is no sleeping through the winter months, as with bears, so that the beaver must lay in sufficient nourishment for the whole of the season when snow is deep on the ground. He seems to thrive upon the wood as well as the bark and it is not only to keep his teeth in proper order that he undertakes to cut down and carve round with wedge shaped incisions the standing trees—these last he sometimes fells in order to help him in his dam making.

Often he makes heaps of brush in the water, fixing the ends in the mud, as though to make a store outside of his house in the water. Sometimes the use of the canals they dig is not apparent. These are cut from a lake and run up into the land as far as the flat ground extends, sometimes for hundreds of feet. It has been supposed that this is to give them a frontage along the hardwood groves, so that when the beavers cut trees and bushes they may transport the parts they can carry by water.

Stones they are said to carry with their paws a small, and roll or push the larger ones with shoulder or tail.

We must trust to the Indians for observation of the animal, for it is extremely difficult to watch them. Another way to which the earth and stuff are reported to be taken is to load the tail, as a workman would a hod for his mate. I confess that I shall not believe this until I see it done.

They have several young at a birth, and the little ones, take, after a few weeks to feeding on bark, and the parents are reported never to allow them to remain in the old lodge for more than two summers after birth, so that it is rare to find as many as ten in one house. The natives will tell you that lazy members of the family who will not work are driven forth into exile, and these exiles are called "bank-beavers," because they lead a solitary life, and live in holes on the river side.

B.

LIFE is what we make it. Let us call back images of joy and gladness, rather than those of grief and care. The latter may sometimes be our guests to sup and dine, but let them never be permitted to lodge with us.

LOVE AND DEATH.

BY C. S. H.

Life may hold sweetness yet; I would not die;
For he might come with smiles upon his lip;
Then from my heart the weary years would slip,
And I should greet him with a joyous cry.
Forgiving and forgetting all the past,
Just for the sake of love come back at last.
O, life may yet be sweet; I would not die.

Child, fate has not been kind to you and me:
Your baby kisses could not ease my pain;
While in that other face I looked in vain
For signs of what I knew could never be.
Often I drew away your clinging grasp,
To seek again that cold and careless clasp.
No; life has not been kind to you and me.

And Death is coming. Ah, will death be kind?
Will he, some day, bring me my truant love?
Or shall I float in ether pure above,
Passionless, sexless, and not hope to find
Him who made life a blessing and a curse?
Will Death bring better, happier times, or worse?
Ah, Death is coming fast: will he be kind?

Love, have you never known one bitter hour?
Never looked back with tender, sweet regret
To that past happy summer when we met,
When first I knew my beauty—fatal dower!—
Had chained your roaming fancy? What a chain!
Woven in madness from despair and pain,
And idly worn to kill an idle hour.

Child, listen to me: Love is worse than death;
For Death takes all, but Love takes fruit and bloom
And leaves the worthless husk to rot in gloom,
It takes the crown from life; the weary breath
Must labor on until Death brings relief,
And blots out all the weariness and grief.
Ah! Love is cruel; merciful is Death.

THE AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY.

The Germans, to whom Africa as a field of colonization is a mine of inexhaustible novelty, have just re-discovered the Amazons of Dahomey. These famous warriors, of whom so little has been heard for so many years, have been inspected by a Dr. Zoller, who gives an account of his reception at the court of the Portuguese half-breed, De Souza, who, in his semi-royal state at Whydah, rejoices in the possession of a fully equipped battalion of women who fight.

Alas! however, for our preconceived notions, the Amazons of De Souza have more resemblance to a corps de ballet than a corps d'armes, and the deepest impression which they left on the mind of their visitors was that they would make the fortune of the enterprising impressario who would introduce them to European audiences.

When it was dusk the army of Amazons made their entrance into the yard, fantastically attired, and looking more fantastical still by the glare of the torches which were borne before them. This is how Dr. Zoller describes the scene:

"Shortly before the dance commenced the 'Chacha' distributes German beer and Bahia rum among the audience, which consisted of some five hundred spectators, many of whom were accompanied by their tame sheep, which follow their masters like dogs.

"Rum is the ordinary beverage offered to visitors in Dahomey. The Amazons of Abome, of whom there are at the most some 6,000, are nominally the wives of the king, and as such form a body guard which is said to be superior to the male soldiers in courage, discipline and loyalty. But, although these Amazons accompany the king in all his wars, I think they are more for show than for service.

"Among all the savage and semi-savage tribes, singing and dancing are considered as essential as drilling and drumming among ourselves. It is natural that the Amazons, having from their earliest childhood been educated as warriors, dancers and singers, should be as superior to male soldiers in these accomplishments as our guards are to the reserves.

"The Amazons of the 'Chacha,' all of whom have served in the army of Abome, are women between the ages of 18 and 25, and as the 'Chacha' does not go to war, they are naturally kept for show. They have no separate barracks, but live, like the thirty male soldiers, in different quarters of the town, whence they are called together whenever wanted.

"At their first entrance, when, marching up in a long procession, they salute their lord and master, I was astonished at the military exactitude of their movements. Imagine sixty young women, tall and slender, who, without losing anything of their womanliness, present a decidedly warlike appearance.

"Among Europeans this combination of the woman and the warrior could not be imagined; here it is explained by the peculiar formation of the negro skeleton. The skeletons of negro women, in striking contrast to that of the mullatoes, are like the skeletons of male negroes.

"The assertion is untrue that the female warriors of Dahomey have their breasts cut off, like the mythological Amazons of the ancient Greeks. Their picturesque uniforms might furnish our masters of the ballet with fresh ideas. The fresh young faces look roguishly from under the white, brimless, yokey-cap, ornamented with black pictures of animals. The feet are bare; short knickerbockers of green, red or yellow material come down nearly to the knees, and a bright-colored tunic of striped silk or velvet, which leaves only the neck and the arms free, covers the upper part of the body, which is supported by corsets of native manufacture. A broad belt of many colors heightens the slim appearance of the female warrior. At the left side of the belt a short sword is fastened, and a small cartridge pocket in front. A scarf of white or green silk is worn like a Scotch plaid. The armament consists of swords, battle-axes and guns, which latter are put aside during the dance.

"Quite apart from the effect of combined dancing and singing, the performances, which went on for several hours uninterruptedly before our eyes, were quite in the style of our corps de ballet, with the only difference that perhaps no other corps de ballet would dance with equal exactitude. First came a tall and somewhat elderly woman. She was the captain, and, as she entered, the son of the 'Chacha' whispered to me: 'Just look how well my mother dances.'

"Then followed, with battleaxes uplifted, the younger officers, and in the rear the still younger troops, now dashing toward us in their sham fight, now wheeling round, dispersing and again uniting. And all this with rhythmical movements, half warlike, half coquettish, but never clumsy, the elegant play of the bare, round arms recalling to the mind the limbs of the ancient classical statues. All dances which I have seen performed among savage and semi-savage people have been grotesque, and, to a certain degree, voluptuous. Here, for the first time, a performance was given which would have held its own before a serious critique and esthete."

Grains of Gold.

Observe system in all you do.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

The smallest skill may serve a life to save.

The rose of pleasure and the thorn of pain.

True hope is based upon energy of character.

Kind words cost little, but pay large dividends.

It is easy to flatter. It is harder to praise.

Think not of faults committed in the past when one has reformed his conduct.

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

A man's proclivities in small matters are his propensities in great ones. What we seek generally we attract.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it to his mind.

Foolishness places itself in the foremost rank to be observed; intelligence stands in the hindermost to observe.

A man never had a doubt but which, if he pulled it up by the roots, had a seed at the bottom, and that seed, sin.

Beyond all doing of good is the being good; for he that is good not only does good things, but all that he does is good.

Our best friends or our greatest enemies, as we use or abuse them, are the passions which nature has planted within our own breast.

Carelessness and lack of forethought have as much to do with many of the trials and troubles of life as actual sin and wrong-doing.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast placed thyself there thou abidest.

If men had only temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with the little ones accustoms them to defeat.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips, and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising therefrom.

The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible for us to overvalue ourselves but by undervaluing our neighbors.

No life can be well ended that has not been well spent, and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose, that has accomplished no object—that has realized no hopes?

Femininities.

Girls at Long Branch wear yellow garters for luck.

Three Georgia weekly newspapers are edited by women.

A Livingston county, N. Y., woman is the mother of 27 children.

Of the 1,025 voters registered at Walla Walla, Washington Territory, about four hundred are women.

The Piutes near Austin, Nevada, the other day, killed a squaw and her child because she could talk French.

A cynical old bachelor says that "lovers are like armies; they get along well enough till the engagement begins."

No woman can be beautiful by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

If 32,000,000 women should clasp hands they could reach around the globe, but they had better be at home attending to family matters.

A young lady wants to know the particulars of a handkerchief flirtation. It is very simple. It only requires two fools and two handkerchiefs.

The journey from Scotland to Carrington, Dakota, was made lately by a Scotchwoman to meet her lover, whom she married the night of her arrival.

The seventy-five-year-old Birmingham, Conn., woman who instituted proceedings for a divorce from her husband, twenty-two years of age, has withdrawn the suit.

A correspondent, who witnessed a marriage ceremony performed by the Cheyenne Indians, says that the bride was dressed in a six-inch grin and three streaks of red paint.

An indulgent mother boasted that her spoiled and unruly little son had great strength of mind; at which an annoyed bystander snarled out: "I should call it great strength of don't mind!"

In Thibet one woman may have two, three, or four husbands. When a Thibet woman wants a new bonnet she has only to let the fact be known, and the four husbands start on a race to the milliner's.

A girl, discussing an absent friend named Amanda, exclaimed: "What a pretty girl Amanda is!" "Ah!" said the lady, "is she blonde or brunette?" "Oh, she has her days of both," answered the admiring friend.

"I would rather marry a yellow dog than you," wrote a Stockton, Cal., girl to her lover, in one of their tiffs, and he has filed the letter as an exhibit in the suit for breach of promise, in which she is plaintiff and he defendant.

Mamie—"Why, Sadie, you have let your hair grow dark again. Last time I saw you it was a lovely blonde." Sadie—"Yes, dear; but you know I am in mourning now for poor, dear papa. I'm not wearing light shades at all."

The Albany, Ga., woman who took it into her head to destroy every photograph of herself, has nearly finished the work, but one photograph she thinks now remaining out, and for that a request has been sent nearly a thousand miles.

"Pinnger" Walton, the famous New York sporting man, is at Long Branch for the summer. A personal item says that he has "taken his eleven daughters with him," and that they cost $350 a week for board and lodging alone.

Lord Dufferin is of the opinion that the diplomacy of the world will soon be in the hands of the Americans. Nearly every member of the diplomatic corps who gets to Washington, he says, tries to bring home an American wife.

An anti-crinoline society has been formed at Berlin, the members of which pledge themselves not to marry, or even to appear in society with, "any woman who shows herself so utterly devoid of taste as to re-adopt this antiquated fashion."

"Well, Tommy, what do you want now?" Tommy—"Oh, I want to be rich!" Uncle—"Rich! Why so?" Tommy—"Because I want to be petted; and mamma says you are an old fool, but must be petted because you are rich; but it's a great secret, and I mustn't tell!"

"Do they have house-cleaning days in heaven, ma?" a little girl inquired the other day. "Why, certainly not, dear. What put that into your head?" "Because the angels sweep, don't they?" "What gave you such a notion as that?" "Pa did. He said you were a spectacle in a Mother Hubbard that would make the angels sweep."

Balzac says the whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty. But the man who is creeping up-stairs with his boots off at 2 a. m., and hears the whisper of his wife as she leans over the banister in the darkness, doesn't think of her beauty. His chief thought is how he would like to change his boots for a pair of wings.

When a couple are engaged in Russia a betrothal feast is held, and the bride elect has a lock of hair cut off in the presence of witnesses, and given to the bridegroom, who, in return, presents a silver ring set with turquoise, an almond cake, and a gift of bread and salt. Among poor people who cannot afford silver and turquoise, tin and a piece of blue-stone are substituted.

Mother (to married daughter)—"Why, what's the matter, Clara? What are you crying about?" Clara—"John is so awful cruel (sob). What do you suppose he told me just now (sob)? He told me I must get rid of the cook; he couldn't stand her cooking any longer (sob). And he knows she hasn't done one bit of cooking for a fortnight, and that I have done it all myself. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo-hoo!"

Some simple facts concerning color will be useful to many when deciding how to dress for a photographic picture. Dark brown, dark green, maroon and plain black materials, without gloss, will take a rich black color. Silks of the same color will take considerably lighter. Snuff-brown, dark leather, dark drab, scarlet, cherry, dark orange, crimson, and slate, will take a very rich drab color. Violet, blue, purple, pink, and magenta, will take very light, and should be avoided in dressing for photographs. The hair should never be very wet or glossy.

Masculinities.

All men are born equal—after that the fun begins.

No less than 47 candidates are running for sheriff in Phillip county, Kan.

Long Branch has a haughty beggar who refuses to take anything but silver.

The Georgia Legislature proposes to tax bachelors in that State $2.50 a year.

A convict in an English prison perfected the style of lawn-tennis racquet now the most popular among British players.

An offer of marriage was cabled recently by an Englishman to an American girl with whom he fell in love while on a visit here last spring.

Sensational literature was what two tramps asked, and even begged for, of a Bradford, Me., woman at whose house they recently called.

Hungary has an insurance company which pays married men from 100 to 500 florins in the event of the elopement of their spouses.

A Georgia man has killed fifty-one rattlesnakes on a half acre of ground, within a half mile of his own house, since January 1.

An English writer is trying to prove that Shakespeare was a lawyer. There seems to be no protection for the reputation of a dead poet even in the lapse of centuries.

All the touching beauty of the violet which grows by the dusty wayside is lost to the man who pulls off both his back suspender buttons when he stoops to pluck it.

A lad who was carrying an umbrella through a thunder storm, the other day, at Cohoes, N. Y., escaped unhurt, though his brother, who was under the same umbrella, was killed by lightning.

Bland: "How did your son pass his college examination? I suppose he passed with conditions." Blunt: "Yes; that is to say, they said they would take him under no conditions."

Judge (speaking to prisoner): "You are drunk." Prisoner—"Yes, Your Honor; but I am obliged to drink on account of sickness." "How long have you been sick?" "I haven't been feeling well, Judge, for twenty years."

Swindlers in California advertise in the London papers for English boys and young men to learn the art of fruit-farming, obtain liberal premiums, and then make the "pupils" work as farm hands without pay.

All along the railroad line from Mount MacGregor to New York, boys anxious to obtain memorials of the Grant funeral, placed pennies and nickels on the track to be flattened out by the wheels of the train.

Goshen, N. Y., has armed its day policemen with rawhide whips in place of the customary locust clubs. The rawhide is more easily carried and wielded, and inspires evil-doers with far greater terror.

A Baltimore journalist spends his vacation in his cellar, which is thoroughly cleaned out and fitted with a hammock, sofa and easy chairs, and stocked with "provisions," cigars, and light literature.

An Atlanta, Ga., tinker received the intelligence a few days ago that he had fallen heir to a fortune in England of $125,000. Together with the news came a check for $250 to pay his expenses across the ocean.

Two sixteen-year-old boys at Omaha stole the communion service of the Christian Church, and presented it to a friend on the occasion of his marriage. The church authorities refused to prosecute them.

A postmaster in Sangamon county, Ill., whose townsmen sent a letter to the Department, accusing him of "offensive partisanship," and asking his removal on that ground, indorsed the letter as follows: "I heartily concur in the above. I ought to be bounced at once."

A Sidney, Neb., bachelor answered a matrimonial advertisement in an Omaha paper a few days ago, requesting a photograph. The lady replied, sending not only her own photograph, but those of her four children by her first husband as well. The bachelor was satisfied.

"You can do anything, if you have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to his nephew, who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you'll only wait." "How long?" asked the penitent spendthrift. "Till it freezes," was the cold reply.

A farmer near Middletown, N. J., who was losing his potatoes by parties digging them up at night, resolved to watch his patch. He and a friend, armed with guns, took a position near the patch, but both fell asleep, and, upon awakening, found two rows of potatoes had been dug up and their guns stolen.

When Mr. Vanderbilt arrived at Saratoga there came with him "Mrs. Vanderbilt, his only unmarried son George Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Osgood, two maids, a valet, seven horses, four vehicles, two footmen, two coachmen, two stablemen, three dogs and fifteen trunks, making a grand total of forty-three."

A Port Jervis, N. Y., man has concluded that if there can be a scarecrow, there can also be a scarebug. So he stuck a little stake in the middle of his cucumber hills, on which he has attached a small white rag. He says that the little bugs which were destroying his cucumber plants are scared by the flapping of the rag, and vacate the premises.

A motion to abolish the teaching of Latin and German in the High School, on the ground that they were dead languages, was made at a school meeting in a Michigan town, the other day, by a taxpayer. On being asked why he had not included Greek in the motion, he explained that he regarded it as identical with Latin. His motion was not passed.

A Scotch nobleman at a parish meeting made some proposals which were objected to by a well-to-do farmer, and he became highly enraged. "Sir," said he to the farmer, "do you know that I have been at two universities?" "Weel, sir," said the independent farmer, "what o' that? I had a calf that sucked twa kye, an' the observation I made was the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."

My Veiled Client.

BY HENRY FRITH.

AT the time of the incident I am about to relate, I was a young solicitor, with no very considerable practice, and therefore not always so discreet as I might have been, had I been able to pick and choose my clients.

My business hours were ostensibly from ten to five; but the fact of my house adjoining the office made me subservient to the wishes of the public beyond the time stated on the brass plate at my office-door. In fact it was generally after business hours that my most profitable clients came.

I was interrupted one night at tea by the servant entering and saying that a lady wished to see me.

Hastily finishing the meal, I hurried into my business room. As I entered and bowed, a lady rose, made a slight courtesy, and remained standing.

I begged her to be seated, and asked of what service I could be to her. It was a little time before she answered, and then it was in a nervous, frightened way, glancing round the room as if she were afraid somebody else was present.

I saw that, although she was dressed in in good style, she had not the air of a lady; but as she wore a thick veil, I could not distinguish her features, though I made out a gray hair here and there.

"I suppose I had better explain who I am and what I want," she began. "I am Miss Howard of Graham Square, and I want you to make out my will."

I started involuntarily, for this elderly person, though I had never seen her before, had been the subject of many a surmise and many a gossip with the neighbors.

She was reported to be very wealthy; but had apparently abandoned the world, for, during the last five years, she had shut herself up in her house, seeing no one but her servants.

My curiosity was therefore piqued at the idea of making out this old eccentric's will.

Taking up a pen, I asked her to give me the particulars of how she wished the property disposed of.

"That is very simple," she said. "I wish my whole property to go to Mr. David Simpson of Stafford Street here. I have never been married; and I want the will framed so as to cut off any heir who might claim relationship to me. I also wish you to act as my executor in seeing will carried into effect."

I made a note of the instructions, and asked when it would be convenient for her to call and sign the deed.

"If you could have it written out by to-morrow night, I could call then and sign it. I would like if you could arrange to have a doctor present to be a witness to my signing—a young doctor, if possible."

"Certainly, madam. To-morrow night at this time suit, and I will arrange about a doctor being present.—Is there nothing else you wish mentioned in the will?"

"No; nothing," she said, rising. "But be sure you make it so as to cut off all relations."

I assured her everything would be as she desired; and after assisting her into the cab which was waiting, noticing the while that she had a slight limp in her walk, I retired to my study to frame the will in accordance with my instructions.

Next night, punctual to a minute, she called; and as I had a doctor present, the ceremony of signing was soon over, the doctor signing as a witness along with my clerk, and appending a certificate of sanity, as desired by my client; and the deed was consigned to my safe.

The affair had almost completely passed from my mind, when I was started one morning by receiving a note from Mr. Simpson the legatee in the will, informing me that Miss Howard was dead.

I immediately proceeded to the house, performed the usual duties devolving upon a solicitor in such circumstances, and made what arrangements were necessary.

After the funeral, I had a meeting with Mr. Simpson, and explained to him the position of affairs—that he was sole legatee, and that I was executor.

He seemed to take the matter very coolly, I thought, but was anxious that everything should be realized as soon as possible.

Our interview was very short; and I came away with a strong feeling of dislike for the man, who, I found, had acted as a sort of factor for the deceased lady.

Acting within the duties of my executorship, and also a desire to find out if possible the relations the old lady had been so anxious to cut off, I inserted a notice of her death in most of the leading newspapers in the kingdom.

This had the desired effect; for in the course of a few days I was waited upon by a young gentleman, Edward Howard, and having got my name and address from the office of one of the newspapers to which I had sent the advertisement. During my interview with Mr. Howard, I was much impressed with his bearing on my telling him the position of affairs, as he was much more concerned at his aunt's death than at the purpose of her will.

He told me that five years ago he had married against his aunt's wishes; she had refused to recognise his wife; and though he had written her several letters, he had never heard from her in reply.

He thanked me for my information, and said he would likely see me again, as he was coming into town to a situation he had just been offered.

Some weeks after this, I was returning home in the evening from a consultation, my attention was arrested by the figure of a woman in front of me.

She was hurrying along as if trying to escape observation, but there was something in her style and the limp which she had, that struck me as familiar, though I could not remember where I had seen her.

Just as she was passing a lighted part of the street, she happened to look round, and the face I saw at once explained to the familiarity of her figure—both face and figure being an exact counterpart of my late client's, Miss Howard!

Somehow or other, a suspicion flashed across my mind; my instinct told me something was wrong, and I determined to follow her and see where she went to.

Pushing my hat well over my brow and pulling the collar of my coat well up, I followed through two or three streets, and was almost at her heels when she suddenly turned into a public-house, when, so close had I followed her, I heard the attendant say in answer to an inquiry by her, "Number thirteen, ma'am;" and I saw her disappear into the back premises.

I immediately followed, heard the door of number thirteen shut, and glancing at the numbers, quietly opened number twelve, and after giving an order for some slight refreshment to the attendant who had followed me, I took a hasty look around the room.

I found it was divided from the next one only by a wooden partition, which did not reach the ceiling, and that, by remaining perfectly quiet, I could hear that a whispered conversation was being carried on in the next room.

The entrance of the attendant with my order disturbed my investigations; but on his departure, and regardless of the old saying that listeners seldom hear anything to their own advantage, I did my best to make out the conversation.

I distinguished the voices to be those of two men and one woman.

The latter I at once recognized, or at least my imagination led me to believe to be the voice of the person who had called on me a year ago to make her will.

The voice of one of the men was strange to me; but after the discovery I had already made, I was not greatly astonished at recognizing the voice of the other man to be that of Simpson, the legatee in the will. The whole thing flashed upon me at once, and I saw I had been made the innocent machinery for carrying through a clever and daring piece of imposture.

I, however, listened attentively to the conversation, in order to fathom the whole affair.

The first sentence I made out came from the stranger—

"I told you young Sinclair was the very man to do the work for you. These young lawyers never ask any questions as long as they get the business."

"Well, well," said Simpson, "that is all right now. But the present question is, what is to be done in the way of hurrying him up with the realization of the estate without exciting suspicion? The sooner we all get away from this the better. I am glad that young fellow Howard didn't ask any questions. But one thing is certain, we must get the old woman away from this immediately, or she's sure to get recognized. She's been keeping pretty close lately; but I daresay she's getting tired of it. Aren't you, old lady?"

"Indeed," was the reply, "I would be glad to get away from this place to-morrow, if I could. I'm sure I only wish you could have been content with half of the estate with Mr. Edward, instead of burning the will, when you found it was to be divided between you and him, and getting me to do what I did. I'm sure it's a wonder my mistress doesn't rise from her grave to denounce us all."

"Keep that cant for another occasion, old woman; it's no use getting religious now. But I'll tell you what—I've got an idea."

Here the conversation got so low, that I could not catch more than an occasional word, and what that idea was I never found out, as he never got the chance to try it on me, for I had heard enough to know that next door to me were three of the most daring conspirators I had ever come across, who had duped me, and made me, though unwittingly, the chief actor in the conspiracy.

My first idea was to lock the door of the room they were in, and go for help; but as that was likely to cause a disturbance, I determined to slip out and trust to being back in time for their arrest.

As luck would have it, nearly the first man I met outside was a detective, whom I had known very well in connection with some criminal trials in which I had been engaged.

A few words explained my purpose; and signalling to the nearest policeman, he placed him at the door of the shop, and both of us walked in.

He nodded familiarly to the bar-tender, and leaning over the counter, whispered in his ear.

The shopman started, and gave vent to a long, low whistle.

"You'll do it as quietly as you can, for the credit of the house," said he.

"Of course," said the detective. "Show us in."

In another minute we were inside the room, with our backs to the door, the detective dangling a pair of steel bracelets and nodding smilingly round the room. The woman fainted. We had no difficulty in securing the men; and in half an hour we had them safely housed in jail.

Before their trial came on, we had worked out the whole story.

The woman who had called on me and signed the will was Mrs. Simpson, in whose favor the will was made; and the other man was a lawyer's clerk who had suggested to them the feasibility of such a scheme.

The fact of Miss Howard's self-confinement and my own imprudence had nearly made the plot a success, but for my accidental recognition of the housekeeper.

Each of the prisoners offered to turn Queen's evidence; but as we had no difficulty in proving the case, this was refused, and they were sentenced to various periods of penal servitude.

I had then the pleasure of handing over the estate to the rightful heir, young Edward Howard, who, notwithstanding that I had nearly been the means of depriving him of his inheritance, soon made me his agent.

The estate turned out to be much larger than I had at first thought, as I succeeded in proving that a large number of investments in Simpson's name really belonged to Miss Howard, and the management of so large a property fairly put me on my feet as regards business.

I have had many good clients since then, but I have often thought that my Veiled Client was my best one, as she was the means of giving me my first lesson in prudence, and my first start in life.

A MOTHER-OF-KINGS.—Have you seen a mermaid, or a pictorial representation of one, "with a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand?" Do you not believe there is such a thing as a mermaid? But mermaids have been seen by people in their "sober senses," and as surely exist as—as the sea-serpent does. What do you say? The sea-serpent, a squid, a calamary, a mammoth octopus, or something of the kind, and not a serpent at all? If that is your opinion, no wonder you pooh-pooh the possibility of the mermaid! Yet you surely will allow that, if there are no mermaids in "the land of the living," or, rather, in the water which encompasses it, there must have been "once upon a time." Otherwise, how could the Plantagenet kings have "descended" from one? But "thereby hangs a (mermaid's) tale"—the tail of the mermaid Melusina, of Lusignan. The Lord of Lusignan found her on the shore. Imagine his astonishment. Who on earth could this pretty fish out of water be?

"Sweet stranger, whence come you, and who may you be?"

"A mermaid am I, and my home is the sea."

He took her at her word. Whether she "took him in" or not, he took her in, and married her, and she became a mother. But his kindred and friends discovered something mysterious about her, and apparently, pried and spied, and made themselves unendurable. She and her lord and husband disappeared, and never were seen any more. But from her—Melusina, the mermaid—sprang the Plantagenets. So said King Richard the First. He claimed for himself and his brother (King John) that they were of supernatural origin; and if Melusina was a mermaid, of course they must have been so, and in that case, the existence of the mermaid—or a mermaid—is placed beyond question, and is a historical fact.

THE WORLD'S PLEASURES.—Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and, in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with delight. Forgetting where he was, he, he moved backwards slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he neared the end of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and almost frozen with terror beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him it was certain death—if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a brush, he flung it against the work, spattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked suddenly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude, blessed the hand that saved him. So we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the pictures of this world, and in contemplating them step backwards, unconscious of our peril; when the Almighty blasts the beautiful images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction—into the outstretched arms of Mercy, and are saved.

FRUIT JARS.—Few people know, and thousands do not know, that by setting a glass fruit jar on a folded towel thoroughly soaked in cold water, the fruit can be poured in boiling hot, with no more danger of breaking than with a tin pan.

Appetite and Digestion.

With few exceptions, the first effects of the Compound Oxygen Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, is an improvement in appetite and digestion. A change in the whole personal appearance soon follows. The skin grows clearer, the eyes brighter, the movements more elastic. There is a sense of lightness and comfort. The chest begins to expand and the weight to increase. All the depressed or sluggish functions of the body take on a better action, and there is a gradual return to a healthy condition. If the Treatment is continued, and the laws of health carefully observed, restoration, unless the physical system is too far broken down, will follow in nearly every case. All desired information in regard to this remarkable Treatment will be furnished free by Drs. Starkey & Palen.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

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In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

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Toothache Inflammation,
Congestions, Asthma,
Influenza, Sore Throat,
Difficult Breathing.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,

Dysentery, Diarrhœa.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaint**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Blood Purifier.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be scrofula, consumption, ulcers, sores, tumors, boils, erysipelas or salt rheum, diseases of the lungs, kidneys, bladder, skin, liver, stomach or bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus is in the BLOOD, which supplies the waste and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy the process of repair must be unsound.

THE SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

Not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healty current of new life.

THE SKIN,

After a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots and skin eruptions are removed; sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparilla is continued a sufficient time to made its impression on the system.

Sold by Druggists. One Dollar per Bottle.

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☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pains in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

Recent Book Issues.

Lippincott & Co., have began a weekly series of novels to be issued under the title, "Lippincott's Series of Select Novels." The first in the list is "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," by Rosa N. Carey, author of "Not Like Other Girls," and other popular stories. This writer is one of the most captivating in the language and this book one of her best. The works in this series are sold at twenty-five cents, and being unabridged and printed in good type and paper, are certainly a marvel of cheapness.

All the novels of the eminent German author Marlitt, are good, and the latest translated by Mrs. A. L. Wistar is no exception. Its title is "The Lady With the Rubies!" As usual it is of the highest interest in its pictures of German character and life alone, apart from its most absorbing plot of love and mystery. There are family traditions and family ghosts in its charming pages, but these somewhat out-of-place nineteenth century features, are so skillfully interwoven and play their parts so naturally, that they intensify the pleasure of the book as a whole. Neatly bound and printed in large clear type. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

"Miss Crespigny," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is a most charming and powerful love story. It is a delicious novelette, full of dash vim and freshness. Miss Crespigny is not a pleasant heroine. she has plenty of faults, is capricious, selfish, cold and cynical, her treatment of her young lover, Hector Anstruthers, is absolutely shameful; she is totally different from other girls of her stamp, and the persistence with which fate throws the old lovers together, all suggest possibilities that make the reader eager for the denouement. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Phila.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Vick's Illustrated Floral Magazine for August is full of excellent matter pertaining to flowers and the garden. Ever flower-lover should have it. James Vick, Publisher, Rochester, New York.

Wide Awake for August opens with a fanciful frontispiece by F. H. Lungren, entitled, In the Sweet o' the Year; the same artist also contributes a fine full-page drawing of Burns' Highland Mary; the eighth in the series, Heroines of the Poets. The number has some remarkably good short stories of which dogs and horses are the heroes. The first part is given of the Hawaiian adventure, How the Boojums went down the Crater, written by the ten Boojums themselves. A contrast is, The Bound Girl, one of a series of four true early colonial stories by Mary E. Wilkins, furnished from old documents still in existence. The serial stories, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, E. S. Brooks, Lizzie W. Champney and Margaret Sidney, are notably good. Among the many poems Susan Coolidge has a fine illustrated ballad, Edenhall, and Marian Douglas, The Talking Crow. Rose Kingsley, Professor Palmer, Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Fremont and Oscar Fay Adams furnish the Chautauqua Readings. The illustrations are numerous and beautiful. Published at Boston, Mass.

A ROYAL MATCH-MAKER.—Going one day from Potsdam to Berlin, Frederic the Great saw coming towards him in the opposite direction a magnificent girl, young, handsome, of good figure, and superb in number of inches. He was at once struck with admiration for her, stopped to talk, and found that she was unmarried, and was on her way from Berlin to her Saxon home.

"Then," said Frederick William, "you will be passing the gate of Potsdam, and will, no doubt, give this note to the commandant, receiving a dollar for your trouble."

But women, even when tall, are not easily outwitted. The girl knew the king by sight and reputation, and, knowing that to refuse the note would probably bring her a shower of blows from the rattan, accepted the commission. Arrived near the gate of Potsdam, she found there a little wizened old hag, to whom she entrusted the delivery of the letter, honestly handing over the dollar with it. Then forthwith she sped away towards home.

The commandant opened the note, and found himself ordered to marry the bearer to a certain gigantic Irish grenadier named MacDoll. He rubbed his eyes, but there could be no doubt about the clearness of the command. The grenadier was sent for, and there began a curious scene. The man was in absolute despair. Such a mate for one of his thews and sinews seemed a horrible mockery. The proposed wife, on the contrary, was quite ready to submit herself to the orders of the king.

There was no escape; to refuse further would be flat mutiny, and the soldier was actually obliged to obey. The mistake was not discovered till the next morning, when Frederick, finding himself thwarted in his design, consented to the divorce of the ill-matched couple.

DAINTY DUDE—"Melinda, how did you like my serenade last night?" Melinda—"I didn't like your position." "My position? My attitude, you mean." "No, your position. You weren't far enough away for me not to hear you, and you weren't close enough for me to scald you."

LADIES! Ayer's Hair Vigor is a superior and economical dressing. It has become an indisputable article for the toilet.

IN MUSIC'S GENTLE SOUND.

A FRENCH writer points out that of all the arts, music is the one which animals, fools and idiots seem able to appreciate. There is a well-authenticated case of a dog which, having once heard the violin played, used to utter the most dismal complaints whenever he saw any one lay a hand on the instrument. He did not even wait until the bow had touched the strings.

Instances have also been recorded of dogs trembling at music as if terrified. It has occasionally proved fatal to them. Discords are readily noticed by some dogs. They have been seen to sit and listen to music with great delight, and even to go every Sunday to church with the obvious purpose (?) of enjoying the solemn and powerful strains of the organ.

On the musical taste of the rabbit some curious particulars were furnished ten or twelve years ago by a lady to an Edinburgh periodical.

She tells that when the harmonium was played upon, her pet rabbit flew frantically at the instrument and violently scratched the legs till the player paused.

If she went to the piano, however, and played on that, bunny was as frantic with delight as he was before with anger, giving vent to his joy by running incessantly round and round the music-stool.

Rats have an ear for music, and have been taught to dance in cadence on a rope to the sound of instruments. The fondness of mice for music is well known; it sometimes amounts to ecstacy, and gives rise to frantic action, ending even in death. The horse can distinguish between musical notes.

The recognition of the sound of the bugle by a trooper, and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the pack give tongue, are familiar instances of the power of horses to discriminate between the different sounds; they never mistake one call for another.

The educated horse of the circus owes a great deal to the influence of music; he marches, trots, gallops, advances, retires, and even dances to the lively strains of the orchestra.

He can also be taught to perform music on his own account, and to beat a kettle-drum with his fore feet.

Recognizing the love of horses for music, a wealthy enthusiast in the latter part of the seventeenth century had regular concerts provided for the benefit of his stud.

A lamb which had a discriminating ear is mentioned. It delighted in brisk and lively tunes, such as are set for polkas and quadrilles, but abhorred all other slow and solemn compositions.

The frivolous lamb "had the deepest detestations for the National anthem, and would send up such a continuous baa-baa as soon as its ears were struck with the unwelcome sounds, that the musician was fain to close the performance, being silenced by mirth if not by pity."

When cows are sulky, milkmaids in the Highlands of Scotland often sing to them to restore them to good humor. In France, the oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as an encouragement to exertion, and no peasant has the slightest doubt but that the animals listen to him with pleasure. Elephants have good ears, and may be trained as musical performers.

Quite recently, a small elephant, with a surprising amount of cultivated intelligence was exhibited in London. Among other feats, it played a whole band of music at once; there were bells on its head, and it used its trunk and fore-feet to the other instruments. About the beginning of this century an experimental concert was given to the elephants in Paris, by a number of musicians in the first rank of their profession.

From the results of this performance some interesting conclusions were drawn. It was observed that it was not the rhythm only that acted on the elephants, since the same air moved them or left them indifferent, according to the key in which it was played.

It was not the key either which alone influenced them, for several airs played in the same key produced different effects. Few things are more extraordinary than the calming influence exerted over the cobra-capello and other poisonous snakes by the shrill monotonous ditties of the serpent-charmers of India.

It has been said that snakes exhibited by the snake-charmers have had their fangs extracted, but this is not invarably the case; and observations worthy of credit have been recorded, not only in India, but in other parts of the world, of serpents, untamed and in possession the most deadly pawers, become docile and harmless whilst there was music in the air: They have even allowed themselves to be played with, and have nestled peaceably for days in the charmer's turban.

The lizard seems possessed of a remarkable share of musical sensibility. When a lizard is warming itself in the sun, if singing or instrumental music catches its ear it immediately takes various attitudes which testify to the pleasure it experiences. All music does not appear to give it equal gratification.

Insects do not appear to be behind their more imposing relations in appreciating beauty in sound, and even spiders have been known to come and range themselves on a table as an audience for an instrument list.

Self-respect is the noblest garment with which a man may clothe himself—the most elevated feeling with which the mind can be inspired.

Humorous.

A great flirt—The fan.

A high-toped man—A tenor.

The baby's favorite game—All fours.

Type righter—The printer who sets "pi."

Never tell your secrets in a cornfield, for it has a thousand ears.

Care will kill a cat. The care must be exercised in taking aim.

The gambler's wife always speaks of her husband as her better half.

Why is a tight shoe like a fine summer? Because it makes the corn grow.

If you would be wealthy, get upon a mule. You will soon find you are better off.

It is a settled fact that the common house fly has no ears, and, consequently, cannot hear; but as an offset, has a smeller which can guide him to the sugar-bowl in a bee-line for a distance of eighty feet.

Success in Life.

There are some who seem born under a lucky star. Everything they touch is a success, and what is ill-luck to others is a find to them. But such geniuses are no patterns. The most of people must depend for success in life upon some plain, common-sense, every-day gains and savings. Some men will live better on one dollar than another will on a dollar and a half, or even two dollars, will wear better clothes, eat better food, and have more time for improvement and leisure. A dollar in one woman's hands gets more living and comfort for the family, than two dollars expended by another. And such people always get on in the world. They save in the little things, know how to provide comforts, and know how to save sickness and doctors' bills. They waste not, and want not. A few shillings expended for Humphreys' Specifics for the Summer Complaint, for Malaria, for Fever, or Rheumatism, or Cough or Cold, or Whooping Cough, for Croup or other illness, at once cures the child, and saves the sickness and the druggist's and doctor's bills. Such people know what they buy, and they save every time, knowing that the dollar saved is not only one dollar in money, but another dollar in the habit: and they always gain. Humphreys' Manual (144 pages), richly bound in cloth and gold, will be sent postpaid upon application to the company, 109 Fulton street, New York.

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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Found

great relief. It has entirely restored me to health." James French, Atchison, Kans., writes: "To all persons suffering from Liver Complaint, I would strongly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with a disease of the liver for nearly two years, when a friend advised me to take this medicine. It gave prompt relief, and has cured me." Mrs. H. M. Kidder, 41 Dwight st., Boston, Mass., writes: "For several years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. I never feel safe, even

At Home

without it. As a liver medicine and general purifier of the blood, it has no equal." Mrs. A. B. Allen, Winterpock, Va., writes: "My youngest child, two years of age, was taken with Bowel Complaint, which we could not cure. We tried many remedies, but he continued to grow worse, and finally became so reduced in flesh that we could only move him upon a pillow. It was suggested by one of the doctors that Scrofula might be the cause of the trouble. We procured a bottle of

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

and commenced giving it to him. It surely worked wonders, for, in a short time, he was completely cured."

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Latest Fashion Phases.

A radical change has of late been noticeable in the world of fashion; not long since elegance in the toilette consisted in wearing the richest materials, the most costly laces, and chapeaux adorned with plumes of waving feathers; the more money a lady managed to spend on her toilette, the more she was entitled to consider herself the very pink of fashion.

But now other laws are in vogue and true elegance consists in the absolute correctness of the costume. No one dreams now of guessing at the price per yard a lady may have paid for the material of which her dress is made, or of calculating the value of the ornaments on her toilette; the whole cachet of the costume is the work of the tailor, or of the couturiere. A dress may be composed of a fabric at 25 cts. a yard; the materials of which a wrap is made may have cost no more than a couple of dollars; but if the costume and the wrap bear the hall-mark of a good maker, if they are recognizable by the elegance of cut, the rectitude of lines, and the perfect accuracy which characterize the work of a leading lady's tailor, a lady thus clothed is undeniably elegantly dressed.

Taste is the touchstone by which all toilettes are now tried; from the head to the feet everything must be in harmony, and irreproachable of its kind. The boots have flat heels, and are galoshed with kid or patent leather, and buttoned moderately high up the leg with a close series of small buttons. The stocking is in a shade matching the predominating color in the costume or else it is in some tint that blends agreeably with it. The chapeau, in particular, must harmonize with the toilette, in the materials of which it is made, and in color.

Bonnets appear to be growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less," to judge by the very latest models that French modistes are introducing. Exaggeratedly large ornaments in front of these minute capotes are so obviously impossible, that the trimming decreases in volume in proportion with the reduced size of the shape that forms its foundation; and, although the front of the chapeau still continues to be the part ornamented, the face is no longer invariably over-towered by a lofty medley of lace, ribbon, and flowers.

Fancy straw, lined with silk or ottoman, is more fashionable at present than any other material: the lining may be in straw color, like the chapeau, or in white or colors, and straw lace is mingled with the gauze ribbon that forms part of the trimming. An exceedingly pretty model of one of these dainty little capotes is made to be worn at a wedding. The very small shape of fancy straw is lined with white ottoman, and sits on the head almost as closely as a skull cap; it is very slightly raised and open in front, but has neither brim nor curtain, the scalloped edge of the fancy straw forming the only border. The strings of white gauze ribbon, are brought from the back; in front is a small coquille of straw lace, with a spray of white lilac rising behind it, and two humming birds with outspread wings are lightly poised on the lace. A small bow of narrow white gauze ribbon fills in the opening above the forehead. Another pretty model in fancy straw has the brim covered with bouillonnes crape, and a drapery of crape crosses the crown, a small wreath of maidenhair fern dividing the crown from the brim. In front is bunch of berries tied together with a bow of striped moire and satin ribbon. Many capotes—this last one for instance—are worn without strings, but the mode is only adopted with chapeaux of certain shapes, in which the front part resembles a capote, but the brim from the sides is carried far back on the hair, like that of a hat.

The kind of costume most worn, but which is neither a visiting toilette nor adapted for any ceremonious occasions, is composed of a tailor-made pleated or gathered skirt, made of some supple woolen fabric, or of grey mohair. Young ladies wear this skirt without any drapery; those who are a little older, or less slender, add a draped tablier and a modest puff at the back, but the whole is as plain and simple as possible, without braid or ornaments of any description. The corsage is made like that of a riding habit, with slight points front and back; the sleeve is plain, and buttoned at the wrist like that of a habit bodice.

The tailor-made jacket—fitting like a glove, and made to suit the wearer—of cloth, armure, or fancy material, is indispensable.

The chapeau best adapted for wearing with this costume is the Amazone hat, in dark straw; the crown of this hat is high and flat at the top, and the brim is narrow and turned up at the sides. The trimming is placed in front, and consists of a handsome bow of faille ribbon, or a drapery of velvet, satin merveilleux, and moire. These three materials combine well together, and many modistes, have displayed great skill in arranging them in loops and intertwined folds.

More fanciful toilettes—those destined to be worn for the promenade, at garden parties, and at the sea-side—are chiefly made of etamine, of which there are many varieties, known as *serpilliere, sac-a-raisin*, sail-cloth, etc.; these etamines are plain, embroidered, or open-worked. There are also the woolen guipures, and the transparent broches, called Soudan lace, which are in great vogue.

They are generally made up over colored linings, and worn with wide sashes of moire or faille ribbon, ornamenting the back of the costume in place of a drapery.

Small beaded mantelets are the wraps most in favor with these toilettes; they are either black, with richly jetted epaulets and large cut-jet ornaments, or of black net embroidered with lead-colored beads, or with cashmere beads, the many brilliant colors of which reminds one of the play of light on cut-glass pendants.

Young ladies wear coquettish mantelets matching the dress. The mantelets are short, but have pointed ends that are passed under the waistband: they are very youthful, elegant little mantles.

Some new pelerines are ornamented on each side of the chest with frogs of long cut-jet bead, very much resembling a necklace formed of three rows of large beads, repeated twice on each side of the front, and ending under either side under a jet ornament. A richly jetted lace trims the neck and falls on the collar.

The toilettes made of the light, supple woolen fabrics, so fashionable this season, are models of elegant draping, and the many varieties of these materials render harmonious combinations the rule rather than the exception. Draperies of all descriptions are adopted with these materials, and bodices are quite as varied in arrangement as skirts; they are made to open over plain waistcoats, over crossed fichus of pleated lace, over plain or puffed plastrons, with or without revers.

Some have points, others have pleated basques, but these are at the back only, and always small and narrow; many bodices are round waisted, and others are shaped like corselets.

The sleeves of dresses have not altered materially in shape, but wide sleeves and very tight ones have their advocates; in many instances, indeed, both kinds of sleeves may be seen in the same toilette; the upper one is loose, made of the dress material, cut in some fanciful shape, and ornamented with braid, bows and clasps. The under sleeve is of lace, and follows the shape of the arm.

Many kinds of materials are chiefly employed as trimmings, such as lace, and embroidered and printed etamines, which are rarely used for the whole of a costume; moire silk is employed for panels and robings, and wide moire ribbon answers the same purpose; gros-grain, faille, and silken fabrics of the same description are useful for the upper parts of dresses, but thinner silks, whether plain or shot, are reserved for foundation skirts under thin, transparent materials.

Bows and braids take the lead as trimmings; the braids are frequently very rich, and many kinds are embroidered with jet and gold, with multi-colored beads, steel, bronze, lead-colored beads, etc., etc. These richly-embroidered braids are not used only with silk and woolen costumes; many lace dresses are trimmed with them, and are very effective; the braids are used for bretelles, waistbands, wristbands, and the wide collar band that is an essential feature of all stylish dresses. As a trimming for skirts they are placed in flat rows, either in vertical or oblique lines separating bands of embroidery; large rings of beaded braid are used in draping the folds of a tunic, and are very effective.

Lace dresses of all kinds, both black and cream, are very fashionable; three models, the first in black lace de dentelle, the second in black Chantilly lace, and the third an indoor dress of cream lace, are worth describing and copying.

Domestic Economy.

ENTREES—[CONCLUDED.]

I ought to explain here that this *pate de foie gras* stuffing is not the real article, which is regarded as a great luxury by epicures, and which is made of the livers of geese which have been tied down to a plank in a hot room, so that they cannot move about, and then overfed until their livers become diseased, and are very large, fat, gross, and much paler than when in a natural condition.

These livers are considered a great delicacy, and when mixed with truffles and elaborately seasoned, form the basis of the renowned Strasburg pies, which are so highly esteemed by many, and sold at a high price. Girls need never look for a recipe for making a pie of this sort, or anything of a similar character, from me; for indeed, I think it is very wicked to be thus cruel to animals.

We are obliged to kill animals to obtain food—it is a law of our life; but we ought to have the business done as quickly and painlessly as possible. Perhaps girls feel inclined to say, "But we use so little food of this description, what difference will it make if we abstain?" It will make this difference: that we shall not have it on our consciences that we have done this iniquity. One, before whose teaching we bow in reverence, said long ago, "It must needs be that offences come, but woe to them through whom they come." If even the smallest actions of our lives are carried out in the spirit of that teaching, there will be no fear that we shall act with cruelty to the meanest thing that breathes.

The *foie gras* stuffing to which I refer is made of ordinary calf's liver. It is excellent, and may be used for a variety of dishes.

Take half a pound of calf's liver, a quarter of a pound of bacon, one carrot, one onion, and a bunch of herbs. Cut up the meat, chop the herbs, and fry all together till well cooked. Pound the ingredients in a mortar, pass them through a wire sieve, and the forcemeat is ready.

There is also an excellent dish of stuffed tomatoes, sometimes called Tomatoes a la Provencale, and as prepared in the following manner,—Choose half-a-dozen smooth, ripe tomatoes of an equal size. Cut a slice off the top, scoop out the inside, and fill it with a nicely flavored forcemeat, made as follows: Melt half an ounce of butter in a stew-pan, and mix thoroughly with a tablespoonful of cooked ham finely chopped, a tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a shalot, a little pepper and salt, and one ounce of parmesan. Put the slice again on the top of the tomato, or, if preferred, sprinkle grated breadcrumbs over it, put the tomatoes in a greased tin, and bake them for twenty minutes or so, till cooked.

Filets de Boeuf.—These fillets may be taken from the undercut of the sirloin, and may either be cut into slices the third of an inch thick, freed from skin, and fried in a little hot butter as the veal cutlets were (when they are said to be sautes); or they may be cut an inch thick and broiled in the usual way. The name of this dish (for those who approve of French terms) is determined by the way in which the filets are finished off and served. A little maitre d'hotel butter may be put on each filet, and fried potatoes served in the middle, when the dish becomes Filets de Boeuf a la Maitre d'Hotel. Brown sauce should then be served separately, a very small portion being put over the filets before the maitre d'hotel is laid on. Or a little truffle or mushroom may be employed to flavor the sauce, when the dish will be Filets Sautes aux Truffles, or aux Champignons. If served on a wall of potatoes, and arranged alternately with tomatoes, round mixed vegetables, they become Filets a la Pompadour; if Bearnaise sauce is poured over them they then are Filets de Boeuf a la Bearnaise.

When rich sauce of this description is employed it should be poured into the centre of the filets, and an appropriate garnish, such as scraped horseradish, or potato croquettes, put round.

The Bearnaise sauce is made as follows:—Allow an egg for each person and an ounce of butter for each egg. The yolks of the eggs will be needed, the whites can be set aside and used for something else. Beat the yolks lightly, put them in a small stew pan, and stir them till they begin to thicken. Lift the pan off the fire, and put in a third of the butter to be taken. Stir the sauce again over the fire for two minutes, and then introduce, off the fire, another third portion of the butter. Simmer two minutes longer, and repeat the process a third time. Let the sauce cool a minute, add salt and pepper, a little tarragon vinegar to make it taste pleasantly.

Last of all, throw in a tablespoonful of chopped tarragon, or, if this is not to be had of chopped parsley.

Perhaps it will be thought that in giving these recipes I have wandered off into the region of extravagant cookery. I should be very sorry to do this, and I think if girls will calculate expenses they will find the sound is worse than the reality. It is an economy to make two hot dishes of a joint instead of dressing it all at once, and having left it to be used and often wasted, because not used up to the last scrap when cold.

MEASURING. Be careful about measuring. A good rule for seasoning soups and stews, is half an ounce, or a level tablespoonful of salt, and a half a level teaspoonful of pepper to each quart of water; try it, if it is right you will know how much to use; if it is not right, alter to suit your taste; but settle the point for once, and then you will know what to depend upon.

The following table will give you some good hints about measuring: there are four teaspoonfuls in one tablespoon; two tablespoonfuls in one ounce: two ounces in one wineglassful; two wineglassfuls in one gill; two gills in one good-sized cupful; two cupfuls in one pint; two pints in one quart.

One quart of sifted flour, thrown into the measure, and shaken down, but not pressed weighs one pound; one quart of fine sugar weighs one pound and a half. These measures are very useful in preparing entrees.

Confidential Correspondents.

W. M. R.—Some words in the Bible are printed in italics to show that they are introduced by the translators to help out the sense of the passage where they occur, as they were not in the original Hebrew or Greek.

N. G.—The best way to cure your bashfulness is to stop thinking of yourself when in public. A person who is always thinking of himself, and trying to imagine what others are thinking of him, is certain to be timid and bashful, unless he is a very conceited fellow.

C. O.—A morganatic marriage is one in which the left hand is given instead of the right—an union in which the man is of superior rank to the female. The children of the marriage are legitimate but neither wife nor children inherit the rank of property of the husband.

HEATHER.—Your story only furnishes another proof, of how easily misconceptions may arise. It is humiliating to be unjustly suspected, but with a conscience clear as yours your best plan will be to preserve a dignified silence, and let time do its work in bringing the gentleman to a sense of his injustice. Certainly do not attempt to write to him again.

ROSE.—Your friend, having known you "for some time past," is chargeable with no very great audacity for offering to shake hands with you. Whether he is attached to you we must admit our inability to determine, our perception, as we have more than once had occasion to observe, having in it nothing of the preternatural. However, none but a remarkably bold reasoner would argue from the act you describe that the young man is enamored of you.

NORAH.—China vases for fresh flowers, articles of plate, wine decanters, etc., may be placed on a sideboard. Vases of wax flowers with glass stands may be placed there in the winter. When a young gentleman is attentive towards a young lady at one time, and reserved at another, it is a proof that he is either capricious in his disposition, or that he is ashamed of the acquaintance; and, in either case, the young lady would do well to avoid him in future.

KILPIE.—Stutterers often cure themselves by much practice of speaking slowly and loudly. Get away from everybody and everything that would be likely to make you nervous, and try. Devote some time to it each day, and accustom yourself to the habit of thinking what you are going to say before you speak. A strong will has a great deal to do with curing stuttering, which is only a nervous affection. Of course, if it arises from any physical defect the advice of a medical man must be sought.

P. C. J.—The loss of smell may be complete or partial. It results in many instances from injury to the nerve of smell, which may be caused by a blow on the forehead or fall on the head; sometimes produced by smelling noxious vapors, or chronic cold in the head. Certain growths, such as polypus in the nose, may cause loss of smell. It follows after some disease, as diphtheria; but little can be done to relieve this condition. Galvanism is sometimes useful, and occasionally stimulating inhalations, such as ammonia or snuff.

A. V.—We never advise young men what professions or avocations they should adopt. So much depends upon temper and disposition, and even on personal appearance and manners in many respects, that we feel we cannot conscientiously advise strangers whom we have never seen, on a subject so important to their best and dearest interests. It is a point on which relations or intimate friends should be consulted. Nevertheless, your aim is altogether a most praiseworthy one, and the whole tenor of your letter does you infinite credit.

C. T.—No; if, when you ask a lady to dance, she refuses on the ground of a pre-engagement, you should not press her for the next set; because she may likewise be engaged for that, and it would be awkward and absurd to run through a long list of interrogatories; simply request her to name the earliest dance for which she is disengaged. When the dance is over, hand your partner to her seat, bow and retire; that is to say, if you are not on sufficient intimate terms to warrant your remaining and entering into conversation with her chaperone.

TROUBLE.—Your trouble seems to be all of your own making. You are certainly liable for the maintenance of your wife, whom you admit you left of your own accord. A man takes a woman "for better for worse," when he promises to love and cherish her always, and you cannot shake off your obligations towards her as easily as you seem to wish. No doubt she had something to bear as well as you in the matter of temper, and she seems to be willing to accept a very small sum as sufficient. No man of any spirit would allow his mother to keep his wife.

BRUNSWICK.—New Jersey came to be called a foreign country in this way: In the early days of railways the New Jersey Legislature chartered the Camden and Amboy road, but neglected to impose a tax upon its earnings or plant. A few years later, when it became a valuable property, the State unable to modify the charter, levied a State tax upon each passenger carried. This tax fell upon travelers who lived outside the State as well as Jerseyites, and the former, because they were taxed to pass through it, facetiously termed Jersey a foreign country.

MEMORY.—The only remedy for a bad memory in which we have any faith is attention and discipline. Read slowly and carefully, and make sure that you have fully grasped the statement, for there can be no retentiveness without clear perception. Then, at frequent intervals, pause and examine yourself, to see whether your mind has kept what it has received, and if it has not, go over the passage again. By thus making it your aim to read carefully rather than to read much, and insisting upon your memory doing its work when it is inclined to shirk, we have no doubt you will presently have less reason for self-reproach.

ROBBIE.—In respect to your handwriting the first element of a good chirography is legibility. The second is neatness, which contributes to the first. The third is beauty. But no writing can be beautiful which has not the elements of neatness and legibility. About the best copy one can have to imitate, in learning to write, is the common italic type, or the simplest forms of printer's script type. It is better than all the flourishes of the writing masters. As a rule, avoid all flourishes, and every line or stroke that is not necessary. A sheet of manuscript, scribbled all over with sprawling flourishes, is not a pleasant sight to your correspondent.